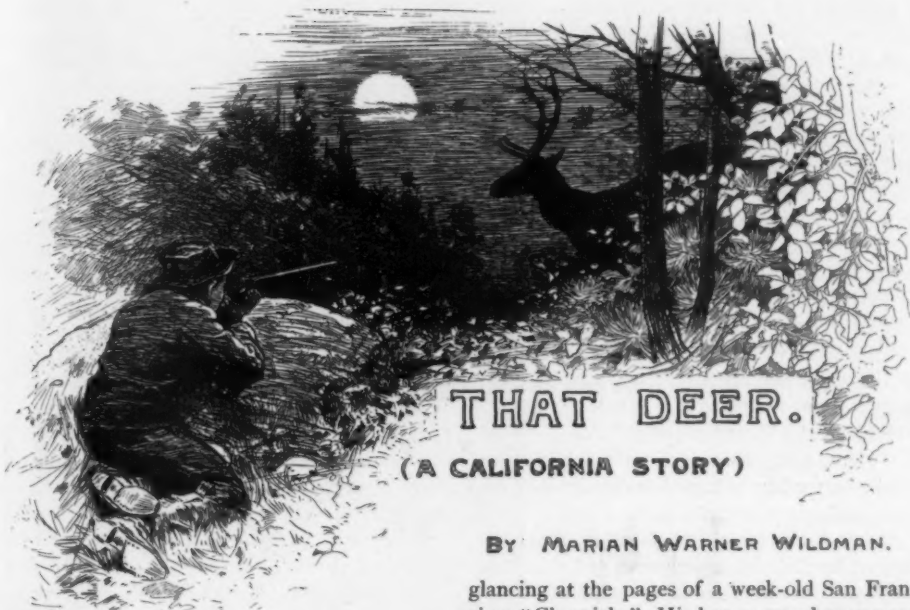


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THAT DEER.

(A CALIFORNIA STORY)

BY MARIAN WARNER WILDMAN.

THE eating-house at the Wild Bird Mine was still flooded with sunlight, though the valleys below were dark with approaching night. Chinaman Sam, with a clatter of steel knives and ironstone china, was clearing away the debris of a typical mining-camp supper. On a bench before the door several stalwart, roughly clad miners were smoking and chatting. The night-shift men had already disappeared into tunnel and shaft. At some distance from the others sat Griffith Alden, owner and superintendent of the mine,

glancing at the pages of a week-old San Francisco "Chronicle." His heavy gray brows were contracted into a frown. Something evidently troubled the "boss."

Presently two of the miners rose, put on their caps, and started briskly down the mountain road. Mr. Alden's eyes followed them anxiously, but he said no word of recall. When he saw that they had not stopped at the sleeping-house, but had gone on down the wagon-road that led toward Angel Flats, he gave vent to an exclamation of annoyance.

"What 's the matter, papa? You don't look happy. Tell your grandmother all about it!"

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And Claire Alden slipped into her favorite place on her father's knee, clasped a pair of brown hands about his neck, and looked into his face with so much fun in her eyes that he smiled in spite of himself.

"It's nothing, dear, except that Vance and Bine have gone to Angel again to-night, and Fernandez disappeared before supper. I don't like it, but I can't say anything without danger of losing them, and they're too good miners to spare just at this critical time. Besides," he added, more to himself than to her, "I have not money enough to pay them off. I don't know; if we don't get into ore pretty soon—I don't know—" He broke off with a sigh, and Claire patted his hand sympathetically.

"But why do you mind if the men go to Angel after work, papa?"

"Because it does them no good. They drink and gamble and unfit themselves for work. I declare, I sometimes wish we were at least a hundred miles from that nest of ruffians!"

"Are you sure that's where the men are going to-night?"

"Where else?"

This was more than Claire could answer.

Suddenly a voice rang cheerily from the door of the superintendent's cottage, a rough shack a little above the "café."

"Ho, sis! Where are you?"

"Here, Clif, what do you want?" And Claire jumped up to meet her twin brother, who came swinging down the road.

They did not look much alike, these two, except for their frank gray eyes and a common tendency toward freckles. Clifford was a broad-shouldered lad, tall for his sixteen years, and with heavy dark hair which was always in picturesque disorder, thanks to a nervous habit of running his fingers through it. Claire was a slender, active girl, as quick and graceful as her brother was strong.

"Where away now, my boy?" asked the superintendent, noticing that Clifford had on his shabby canvas hunting-coat, and that his handsome Winchester was thrown over his shoulder.

"I'm going to have another try at that deer," said Clif.

"Where are you going this time?"

"Down the road to the Blue Gorge trail, and along that to the lick where the cattle were salted last summer. Larry saw tracks there yesterday. The deer come down at night for the salt."

"Oh, Clif," cried Claire, "I believe I'll go with you, if you don't mind. It's going to be glorious moonlight in an hour."

"All right. But go get your coat—it's going to be cold as well as glorious. Won't you go too, father?"

"Well, no; I think I'm too tired to-night, and I've some accounts to go over. You won't be gone late, will you?"

"Depends on that deer. I don't propose to come home without him this time!" Clifford's voice rang with grim determination.

Mr. Alden laughed. "That deer" had been the joke of the camp ever since Clif came. Though he was an excellent shot, the goal of his ambition was still unreachd.

The full moon was sending long, slanting rays down the mountain-side as the young sportsman and his companion turned from the descending wagon-road into a trail that skirted the slope. They spoke seldom as they sped swiftly on, Claire following close behind her brother when the hedging birch and manzanita made the trail too narrow for them to walk abreast. The river ran hardly fifty feet below them here. They could see its silvery flash among the alders, and hear the tumultuous rush and gurgle of the icy water as it foamed over rocks and through mimic cañons.

It was, indeed, a glorious night. Every needle on the great evergreens that towered overhead caught its faint share of the moonlight. Across the glimmering slopes that stretched far above them, the long shadows of the trees lay sharply outlined. Among the pine-tops a little breeze was stirring, just enough to "shake the clinging music from their boughs."

"Hark, Clif! What was that?"

"Only a fox barking. Speak low; we're nearly there."

Silence for a space; then Claire spoke in a whisper:

"Clifford!"

"Yes?"

"You won't kill anything, will you? You know I can't bear to see anything killed."

"Well, I like that!" in a disgusted undertone. "You knew I was after a deer, and teased to come too, and now you're fussing about my doing the very thing I came for. There's consistency for you!"

"I know it," very meekly. "I only thought about the moonlight and the walk when I came.

shadow. From out this shadow came several unmistakable sounds—a snapping of twigs, and the long, snorting breath of some animal. Clifford waited patiently, while his sister peered silently over his shoulder into the moonlit glade. Her heart beat wildly, torn between the hope that Clifford would get his shot and her longing to cry out and warn the poor deer of its danger.

At last! Unsuspicious of peril, the shy animal was coming nearer. Into the moonlight was thrust an antlered head, and the vague outline of a graceful body was faintly visible in the edge of the shadow. Clifford raised his rifle to his shoulder and took deliberate aim.

At this point Claire's fortitude gave way. Clapping her hands over her ears, she turned and ran blindly back along the mountain-side, missing the trail in her excitement, and with no thought in her mind except to get away where she should not hear the shot that was to end that poor, beautiful thing's life. All at once she found herself slipping, sliding, rolling down the steep hillside. The slope was carpeted with slippery pine needles, and try as she might, she could not gain a footing. Down, down, down she went until she landed, uninjured but much chagrined, at the very bottom of the hill, just as the sharp crack of Clifford's rifle rang through the forest.

"Oh, what a goose I am!" moaned Claire. "And how in the world am I ever to get back up that awful hill?"

"Clif—oh, Clif!" she shouted; but the only answer was the rushing of the river now close at her feet—so close, in fact, that she had barely escaped a cold plunge.

Clifford, in the meantime, had quite forgotten that he had a sister. Everything else paled into insignificance before the great fact that he actually had shot a deer! But as he knelt proudly beside its warm, lifeless body, his heart gave a sudden throb of remorse.



"CLAIRE FOLLOWING CLOSE BEHIND HER BROTHER."

I forgot the poor deer. I s'pose I'll have to stand it if you get a shot, but I hope you won't!"

"Hush!" breathed Clifford, coming to a sudden stop in the shade of a clump of young cedars, where no betraying gleam of moonlight could flash upon the steel barrel of his Winchester. In front of them the trail widened into an open glade, at the opposite side of which a mighty live-oak cast an impenetrable

"It *was* rather a shame to kill you, my beauty," he murmured. "But I had to, you know. I've always meant to kill a deer."

"I've always meant to, and now I've done it, but I guess one's enough," he added, getting slowly to his feet and trying to shake off the impression that he had committed murder. It was then that he missed Claire and started back along the trail to look for her.

Again and again he shouted: "Where are you, sis? Come see my big buck!"

"Oh, I don't want to see the poor thing!" answered a voice mysteriously far below him.

"And, anyway, I can't. I'm sitting in a bed of tar-weed down here by the river."

"How did you get there?"

"Force of gravity, I s'pose!"

"Why don't you come up?"

"Not being a fly, I can't climb that perpendicular hill."

"Wait a minute; I'll come down and help you!"

"Oh, yes; I'll wait!" Claire was waxing sarcastic.

Clinging to trees and bushes, and digging his heels into the slippery carpet, Clifford swung himself cautiously down the slope. Half the descent was made in safety. Then he began to slip and slide, and the last part of his journey was covered after Claire's own method, so that he landed almost in her lap. Such a merry peal of laughter rang through the woods that a dreaming pine squirrel awoke to protest loudly at this rude disturbance of his beauty-sleep.

"Well, Mr. Deer-slayer, how do you propose to get out of this?"

"Well, Miss Tumble-bug, I'm open to suggestions!"

"I suppose we can walk back along the river till we come to the place where the road crosses the ford; but it'll be a frightful walk, all bushes and boulders."

"Guess we'll have to try it, anyway. There is no place between here and the road where we can climb back to the trail. The water is n't so high but what we can walk on stepping-stones a good deal of the way, and where we can't we'll have to cut a trail through the bushes. Come on, Claire; we may as well start."

"How about rattlesnakes?" asked his sister, with a shudder, as she followed him.

"Too late in the season, and rattlers don't travel at night, anyway."

"No, I s'pose not; but they probably sleep somewhere, and I can't think of a more probable place than this horrid jungle," retorted Claire, plunging up to her ankle in the river, and at the same time making a great rent in her skirt on a thorny bit of chaparral.

Accustomed though she was to hard scrambles, Claire was fairly gasping for breath before half the distance to the road had been traversed.

Clifford paused. "Stop a minute, sis! I'll cut you a cane. That will be a little help."

Glad of a minute's respite, she sank on a log to rest. The moon was just overhead, and the world was almost as light as day. In spite of her weariness, she felt a quick thrill of delight at the wonderful beauty of it all—the sparkling ripples of the crystal stream, the pine-clad slopes that stretched far away above her on either side of the ravine. Then something caught her attention.

"Clif, look here!" she cried in a low voice. "What's that light on the other side of the river, there—back of those willows?"

Clifford looked up from his cane-cutting.

"If I'm not mightily mistaken, it's in the deserted shack where that crazy prospector used to live."

"It does n't look very deserted to-night. Who can be there, Clif?"

"Have n't the least idea."

"I'm afraid. Let's hurry on!"

"Not till I find out what's up! You stay here, Claire."

"If you think I'm going to stay here and die of lonesomeness and rattlesnakes, Clifford Alden, you're very much mistaken. I'm going over there if you are."

"All right; come on! But don't make any noise."

Without stopping to take off their shoes and stockings, the two waded across the shallow river. Stealthily they pushed on through the thicket of willows until they were within a few yards of the open door of the cabin. Then they stopped. What they saw was so unex-

pected that Claire would have cried out with surprise had not Clifford squeezed her hand sharply.

"Don't make a noise! They'll hear you," he whispered.

A single dingy lantern illumined the interior of the cabin, but the light was sufficient to reveal to the startled pair in the willows three familiar faces — those of Vance, the black-browed Cornishman, Bino Carabelli, the Swiss-Italian, and the handsome Spaniard, Fernandez. The rough table around which the men were sitting held bottles and tin cups. They were drinking as they talked. In a corner of the cabin lay a heap of filled ore-sacks. Here was a mystery, sure enough! Holding fast to each other's hands, the twins watched and listened.

"To-morrow morning at sunrise," Vance was saying, and then something about "packing the dirt to the ford," "horses," and "lighting out."

Bino asked a question which they failed to catch, but they saw Vance's face darken as he answered:

"What 's that to do with to-night? Wait till we get the stuff to 'Frisco before you begin to talk of divvying up."

"Hush. Bino 's talking now," said Clif.

"You 're sure dat all de stuff 's out?"

"All there was in that bunch," replied Vance.

"We 've picked the prettiest and richest pocket in Wild Bird, all right!"

"And even if there were more in sight," put in the Spaniard's musical voice, "it would not be well to stay here. The boss to-day said he was to open the west drift soon, and when he does — well! we want to be a good way from here. Is it not so, my friends?"

The others laughed, and Vance went on:

"He'll find some fine holes in that west drift, but he'll never guess what fine rock came out of them." Vance turned and looked lovingly at the pile of ore-sacks. "There 's a good many thousand dollars for us in there, if there 's two bits. Better wages for three weeks' work than you 've been used to, eh, Bino?"

The night had grown very cold. Vance rose with a shiver and slammed shut the door, put-

ting a sudden stop to the justifiable eavesdropping of the twins.

"Well!" said Clif, very low, "there 's one thing pretty sure. We'll spoil their little game! When did they say they'd be at the ford?"

"At sunrise," replied Claire.

"Then we've got to hustle to get a sheriff from Angel Flats in time. We'll push on to the road together, and then I'll cut across to Angel, while you go on up to the mine and let father know. I'll be too late if I wait to go up with you. Will you be afraid?"

"No, indeed!" but Claire's heart quaked a bit at the thought of the lonely climb up the long, winding mountain road.

There was, in truth, no time to lose if Clifford was to cover the ten miles to Angel Flats and be back with Sheriff Lyon at daybreak. As good luck would have it, they stumbled on the trail which Vance and his companions had made between the cabin and the road.

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Clif, under his breath. "This'll save an hour or two of scrambling. No more rocks and chaparral for the young detectives! Now let 's fly!"

Mr. Alden sat in his office, his brow furrowed with care, so deeply absorbed in the accounts and papers over which he was poring that he had no idea of the lateness of the hour. Matters at the Wild Bird Mine had reached a crisis. Unless help came from some unexpected source he would have to shut down in a week, in spite of the fact that seventy-five feet more drifting in the main tunnel was almost certain to bring him to ore and success. A thousand dollars would do it — would pay up his discontented men and keep things running for a month longer.

Suddenly the office door flew open, letting in a flood of moonlight and a wild-eyed little girl, who threw herself with a sob of relief into her father's arms.

"Why, my blessed child, what 's wrong? Where 's your brother?"

"Gone to Angel for the sheriff," gasped Claire. "And won't you send Sam for the deer — because the coyotes will get it if you don't. And oh, papa, there 's fully a dozen sacks of the ore, and it 's just awfully rich —

Vance said so. He said the gold stuck out of it like freckles on the Alden twins — the horrid wretch!

"Claire," interrupted Mr. Alden, "stop this nonsense and tell me what has happened. Begin at the beginning, and don't get excited."

"May n't I go, too?"

Mr. Alden smiled.

"I guess you've had adventures enough for one night. Better go to bed and sleep."

"Sleep!" sniffed Claire. "As if I should shut my eyes!"



"STEALTHILY THEY PUSHED ON THROUGH THE THICKET OF WILLOWS UNTIL THEY WERE WITHIN A FEW YARDS OF THE OPEN DOOR OF THE CABIN."

"Well," replied Claire, somewhat crushed, "I guess anybody'd be excited."

Then she told him the whole story, and before it was ended Mr. Alden had gotten out of his slippers and into his hobnailed boots, and was reaching for his hat and coat.

"Where are you going, papa?"

"Over to meet Clif and Lyon. They may need help." As he spoke the superintendent was transferring a revolver from a table drawer to his pocket. "I'll call Larry up to go with me."

"All right. Stay in here and wait, if you like. We'll try to be back for breakfast. Good night!" and Claire was left alone.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed. "That's what comes of being a girl! It's dreadful to stay here in suspense and not get any of the glory of catching the thieves. Anyway, if I had n't slid down that hill they never in the world would have been discovered."

It was very quiet in the office, and there was n't a thing to do. Claire yawned.

"Of course I'm not a particle sleepy, but I

am tired. I might just lie down here on papa's cot and rest awhile.

The sun was high and shining brightly above the crest of Wild Bird Mountain when Claire opened her eyes with a start.

"Ho, sis!" a weary but exultant voice was shouting in her ear. "Good news! Vance and the others are safe in the jail at Angel, and we've got the ore. Such ore—oh, my! And, sis, Sam's frying venison steak for breakfast! Wake up, wake up!"

THE GREAT CLOCK OF WELLS.

BY ROSALIND RICHARDS.

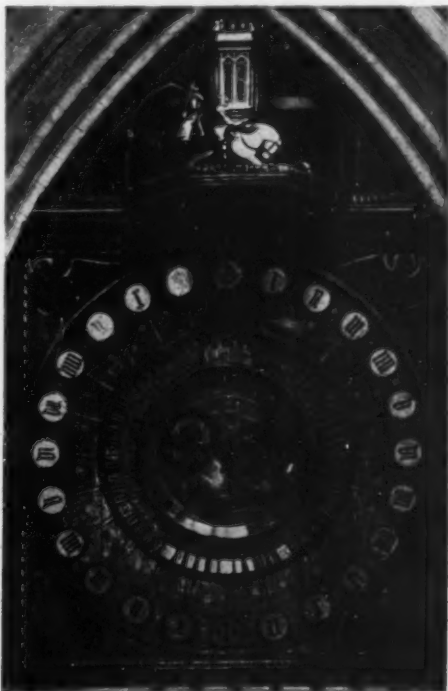


HE great clock of Wells Cathedral, in Somersetshire, England, is very nearly the oldest and certainly one of the most interesting of clocks in existence. It was built in 1322, by Peter Lightfoot, one of the monks of Glastonbury Abbey, six miles from Wells, where it ran for two hundred and fifty years, until the abbey was dissolved by Henry VIII, and its last abbot hanged over his own gateway. The clock was then removed to Wells, where it has been running ever since.

Unfortunately, it has not its original works. About 1850 these were found to be out of order, and were replaced, at a great cost, by an elaborate system of modern mechanism: a change which proved wholly unnecessary, as the old works, after a more careful examination, were cleaned and repaired, and are still running, in perfect order, in the South Kensington Museum—a clock which has ticked for five hundred and eighty years.

The clock stands in the north transept of the cathedral. The interior dial is six feet across. The photograph shows only a blurred mass in the center, as the clock was of course in motion. The face is divided into three circles. On the outer circle, which is painted dark blue with stars scattered over it, are the twenty-four hours;

the second circle shows the minutes; and the inner one, the third, the days of the month and



THE INTERIOR DIAL.

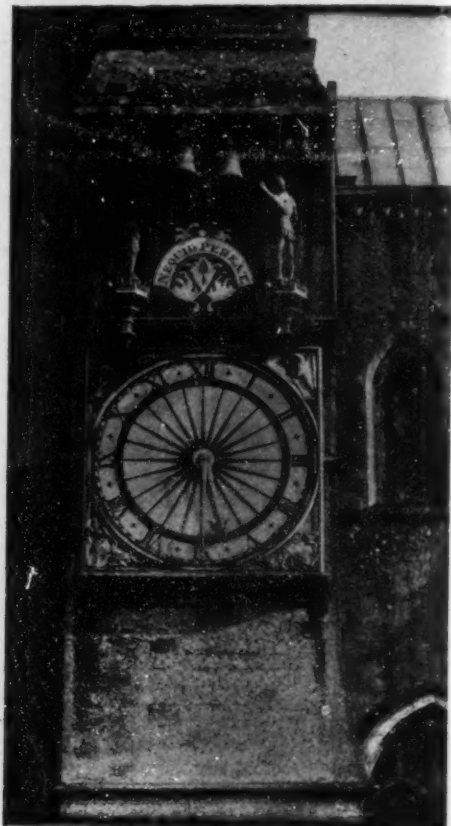
phases of the moon. Instead of hands, the hours and minutes are shown each by a large gilt star, or sun, which travels slowly round its orbit.

The striking mechanism of the clock is very curious and elaborate, and there is nearly always a group of people waiting to see it operate. Above the dial is a little battlemented turret, with four knights on horseback, armed with lances, standing guard round it; at some distance from the clock itself, near the end of the transept, is a life-size painted figure, quaintly ugly, with a battle-ax in its hand, while outside the cathedral is a second large dial, guarded by two tall figures of knights in armor. When the gilt stars point to the hour, the painted figure ("Jack Blandivir," as he is called by the country people about Wells, no one knows why) strikes the quarters by kicking his heels against two bells behind him, and then tolls the great bell of the clock by striking it with his battle-ax. The two standing knights in armor strike the outside bell with their halberds, and at the first stroke of the great bell the four knights on horseback over

the inside dial start at a gallop, and rush round and round the turret, in a mimic tournament in which one knight is thrown from his horse, and regains his seat, in every revolution.



"JACK BLANDIVIR."



THE OUTSIDE DIAL.

The labor of making the clock must have been immense. The original works are wholly of forged iron, and occupy a space of one hundred and twenty-five cubic feet, while the wrought-iron wheels, some of them nearly two feet in diameter, had all their teeth cut and finished by hand. The evolution of timepiece-making from this old relic to the modern dollar watch would be an interesting study.



AUTUMN AT THE "ZOO."
MAKING THE MOST OF THE LAST DAYS IN THE OUTDOOR CAGE.

GUESSING SONG.

BY HENRY JOHNSTONE.

Oh, ho! oh, ho! Pray, who can I be?
I sweep o'er the land, I scour o'er the sea;
I cuff the tall trees till they bow down their
heads,
And I rock the wee birdies asleep in their beds.
Oh, ho! oh, ho! And who can I be
That sweep o'er the land and scour o'er the
sea?

I rumple the breast of the gray-headed daw,
I tip the rook's tail up and make him cry
"caw";
But though I love fun, I'm so big and so strong,
At a puff of my breath the great ships sail
along.
Oh, ho! oh, ho! And who can I be
That sweep o'er the land and scour o'er the
sea?

I swing all the weathercocks this way and that,
I play bare-and-hounds with a runaway hat;
But however I wander, I ne'er go astray;
For, go where I will, I've a free right of way!
Oh, ho! oh, ho! And who can I be
That sweep o'er the land and scour o'er the
sea?

I skim o'er the heather, I dance up the street;
I've foes that I laugh at, and friends that I
greet;
I'm named in the East and I'm known in the
West,
But I think the Dean Bridge is the place I love
best.
Oh, ho! oh, ho! And who can I be
That sweep o'er the land and scour o'er the
sea?

"DANDY DASH" AND HOW HE GAVE THE ALARM.

(A True Story.)

By GRACE WELD SOPER.

THE black-and-white dog that is seen every day on the bank above the street and the little railroad, blinking with unending curiosity at passers-by, has an every-day name and a "best" name. When timid little girls hurry by to



"DANDY DASH."

school, they whisper, "There's Dandy!" When boys pass, they call, "Hello, Dandy!" That is his every-day name. It seemed to fit him when he first tumbled out of the box in which he had come all the way from Maine. In great surprise he stood looking about, and everybody looked at him. He had on a dress-suit, a glossy black coat and white shirt-front and white gloves; and on the tip of his tail he carried a gay little tassel, while his hair was parted in the middle. A funny little dog he

was, running up to every one, not at all afraid or bashful. All the people in the house wanted to pat his head, and some one said: "Is n't he a dandy!" So he found a name.

With fresh air and three meals every day, and a grove and a lawn for playgrounds, besides the gardens and the hen-yard, he grew fast in size, strength, and liveliness.

"Dear me!" I said, when asked by the clerk of the dog tax to give his name. "I am sure he has outgrown the name 'Dandy.' Put it down 'Dash'; that is more dignified." So his official name became Dash.

When I came back with a big certificate that Dash was a taxpayer, the dog was standing on the lawn motionless and looking fixedly at a distant object in the grass. Suddenly he made a dash in a horizontal line to the other side of the lawn. There was a strange noise as of steam escaping, followed by a scratching and tearing, and the rustling of leaves, a pawing at the roots of a tree, and a frantic barking into the air; there at the base was Dandy, with a little gray cat in the branches. "Sure enough," said I. "Your name is Dash!"

But when his friends heard of the change, they exclaimed: "What, lose our Dandy for a Dash! No, indeed, dear old Dandy; his name exactly fits him, and he shall not be called by any other."

Since then he has been called Dandy, often Dandy Dash, but never Dash.

Dandy's lot fell in a dogless neighborhood. On our right lived a prominent citizen, without "chick or child," who considered dogs nuisances. The family on the left neither liked nor disliked dogs; they were indifferent. But in the two houses across the street no one liked dogs; one man even spoke roughly to them.

It hurts his feelings to be repulsed. Sometimes he shows unhappiness by a few barks or growls, but a kind word or pat consoles him.

Dandy is apt to think that tricks are beneath his dignity, and sometimes yawns when urged to show off. He has never been taught by severity, or by the promise of candy, or any reward. He stands listening carefully to what is told him in a quiet tone.

"Now, Dandy, your coat is very rough; where is your brush?"

His eyes sparkle; he gives a well-bred wag of his tail, rushes to the drawer, and drags forth the brush.

In the same school of patience and kindness Dandy has learned to carry baskets and bundles and to find different things, bringing newspapers from one person to another and picking up anything dropped on the floor. If he feels happy and obedient, he likes to bring shoes to people who come home tired from the city: he trots upstairs with much lightness, and quietly brings down the slippers, one at a time. If he happens to be sleepy or lazy, he yawns, shakes himself, and climbs heavily upstairs, making as much noise as he can. After a long, long time he

Once Dandy readily exhibited his tricks without being urged or asked. He and I were calling upon a young lady and her dog. Dandy knew "Bouncer" well, but did not like him, and, after a few runs and tumbles, lay at my feet, looking up with his soft brown eyes. Presently he scented something pleasant, sweet, savory, something to eat — cookies, in fact. He turned his head and looked intent and earnest.

"I give my dog a cooky after he performs," said the young lady. "Now, Bouncer, what does Marmion say to Chester?"

The dog "down charged," and a piece of cooky went into his mouth. Dandy sat up and gently wagged his tail.

This time, however, Dandy was anxious to exhibit himself; he evidently thought that his turn had come for a cooky. He gave his paw, sat up, yawned, and barked; he went through his whole round of tricks. He looked jolly for a beggar, but it was a serious matter to him, and after we had laughed and talked to him he received his cooky. Now, when he wants any-



DANDY DASH'S FAVORITE GAME "TRAMPS' SHOES."

comes back, dragging the shoes, which clatter, clatter, clip, clip all the way.

"Dandy!" I say in a sorrowful way, and then feel obliged to scold a little, until he gives me two white paws and looks up beseechingly with his brown eyes; this means that he is ashamed of himself and will be more obliging next time.

thing very much, he begs in the same manner, like a little pet dog, a ridiculous practice for a great fellow like Dandy.

He has a hundred sports of his own, but his favorite plays with others are ball and a game called "Tramps' Shoes." Both are amusing. His ball is kept in the corner of a drawer; when

he feels like playing he will sit by the drawer, with his nose pointed at the corner, and wait patiently until some one takes out the ball. Then the game begins.

"Go out of the room, Dandy," is said. He trots out in a great hurry, and waits until the ball is hidden, no matter how long we may be. "Come!" He dances in lightly, and with a soft, mysterious manner, examines every nook and corner till he finds the ball. Then how his tail wags!

Sometimes he peeks through a crack in the door while it is being hidden, but he is much ashamed if we say: "Oh, Dandy, you peeked!" and goes softly out again with drooping tail and ears.

In playing "Tramps' Shoes" he brings up all the old shoes which he can find in the garret or stable or cellar or anywhere about the place, and shakes them. He has taught many dogs to shake shoes with him, and I am sorry to say that when he has not a stock of shoes on hand he tries to shake the cat, but she always proves to be too nimble for him.

One bright moonlight night in June the whole town was asleep and still, as country places are at midnight. Suddenly some one heard Dandy barking furiously. It was a calm night; not a breath was stirring, and the air was sweet.

Probably Dandy was thought to be barking at the moon, for nobody paid any attention to him. After barking a long time, he began to howl, and then to whine and cry. Never had he been so neglected. But, although discouraged, he did not yet entirely despair, and he barked frantically. Then some one went to see what was the trouble. Then arose a cry, startling, and never to be forgotten by those who have heard it—the cry of "Fire!" There stood Dandy, with his fore paws on the window-sill, looking at a blazing barn. He rushed to the one who entered the room, barked loudly, and then, whining, ran back to the window. How the alarm spread, how the engines came and how the crowd gathered, nobody remembered afterward. The barn was burned, but the flames were checked from spreading, and Dandy's alarm saved the house.

How the opinion about dogs changed in that neighborhood! The people on the right said that they had always liked Dandy; the man on the left bought a lively little dog; and, more wonderful still, the man who was inclined to be unkind to dogs bought a large watch-dog. Now Dandy Dash sits on the bank every day, growing more thoughtful as he becomes older. All the passers-by know him, and he is one of the honored residents.

"BOXER" AND THE GOSLINGS.

BY L. M. BURNS.

"BOXER" was a bird-dog, or was destined to be one when he grew up. As yet he was just a big, funny-looking, anxious-to-please, lovable puppy. Uncle Ted said he would be worth a hundred dollars after he was trained; and Uncle Ted ought to know, for he had as many dogs as the old woman who lived in the shoe had children. Only Uncle Ted knew what to do. There never was a man, Ben and Laura thought, who was as clever with dogs as Uncle Ted.

He never would have left Boxer at grand-

ma's, only a telegram came very suddenly, calling him away.

"Take good care of the dog," he said the last thing, and Ben and Laura with one voice answered, "We will!" They were delighted to think of having such a dear, ridiculous puppy to play with. Uncle Ted had left him chained to a post, but they begged their father to let the poor fellow loose.

"Why, yes," said papa, laying aside his paper. "The farm is big enough to hold him, I guess;

and even if he does get into mischief, I think we can manage him."

When Boxer saw them coming, he wiggled and frisked till his tail almost touched his head.

"Wuf! Wuf!" he barked in his funny puppy way, which was to say, "Let me loose! Let me loose! What's the use of being on a lovely big farm if you have to be hitched to a post by a stupid old chain!"

You should have seen him when he heard the chain drop! He bounded off, and then back again, upset Ben in comical excitement, leaped up to give Laura a kiss, and there is no telling what he would have done next if he had n't caught sight of some chickens scratching away in the flower-bed.

R-r-wuf! And in a twinkling he had chased the last one out.

"Deary me!" ejaculated grandma, from the window. "If we had a dog as smart as that, my sweet peas might have a chance to bloom!"

"He was n't thinking of sweet peas," chuckled papa. "It's just because he's a bird-dog. He'd chase anything with feathers till he's trained, if it were only an old stuffed owl!"

The children listened with respect and admiration, for papa knew almost as much about dogs as Uncle Ted.

They had a delightful afternoon with Boxer, and he "begged off" so when they took him back to the post that they decided to leave him loose.

Next morning there were seven little green goslings missing at feeding-time. They found them at last, scattered along at the edge of the pond—all dead!

"Oh, dear!" wailed the children, distracted between grief for the goslings and pity for the guilty pup in the punishment that was sure to overtake him. "Why did n't we chain him up? Oh, what will papa do?"

What papa did do was to gather up the goslings and arrange them in a pile, with their poor limp necks all drooping one way. Then he sent for Boxer.

"Naughty dog!" he said sternly, pointing to the goslings. "Bad, bad dog!"

Then he whipped him.

Poor Boxer! He looked at the goslings, and he looked at papa, and if there ever was a penitent puppy, it was he. His brown eyes shone with tears, and he licked papa's hand and whined so sorrowfully that it was all the children could do to keep from throwing their arms about his neck and telling him not to feel sad any more—that it did n't matter, anyhow.

There could not have been a better dog than Boxer was that day. The family thought him a more wonderful creature than ever. He seemed so delighted whenever he pleased any one, and was so heartbroken when he blundered, that no one really had the heart to scold him very much.

So that night they let him loose again, convinced that the lesson had been learned.

Next morning before breakfast he came bounding up joyfully to papa.

"Wuf! Wuf!" he said as expressively as if he had said, "Come with me! Come, everybody!"

Everybody came. Boxer frisked along proudly at the head of the procession, and led them straight to the duck-pond.

"Wuf! Wuf!" he barked again. "Just see how I did it this time!"

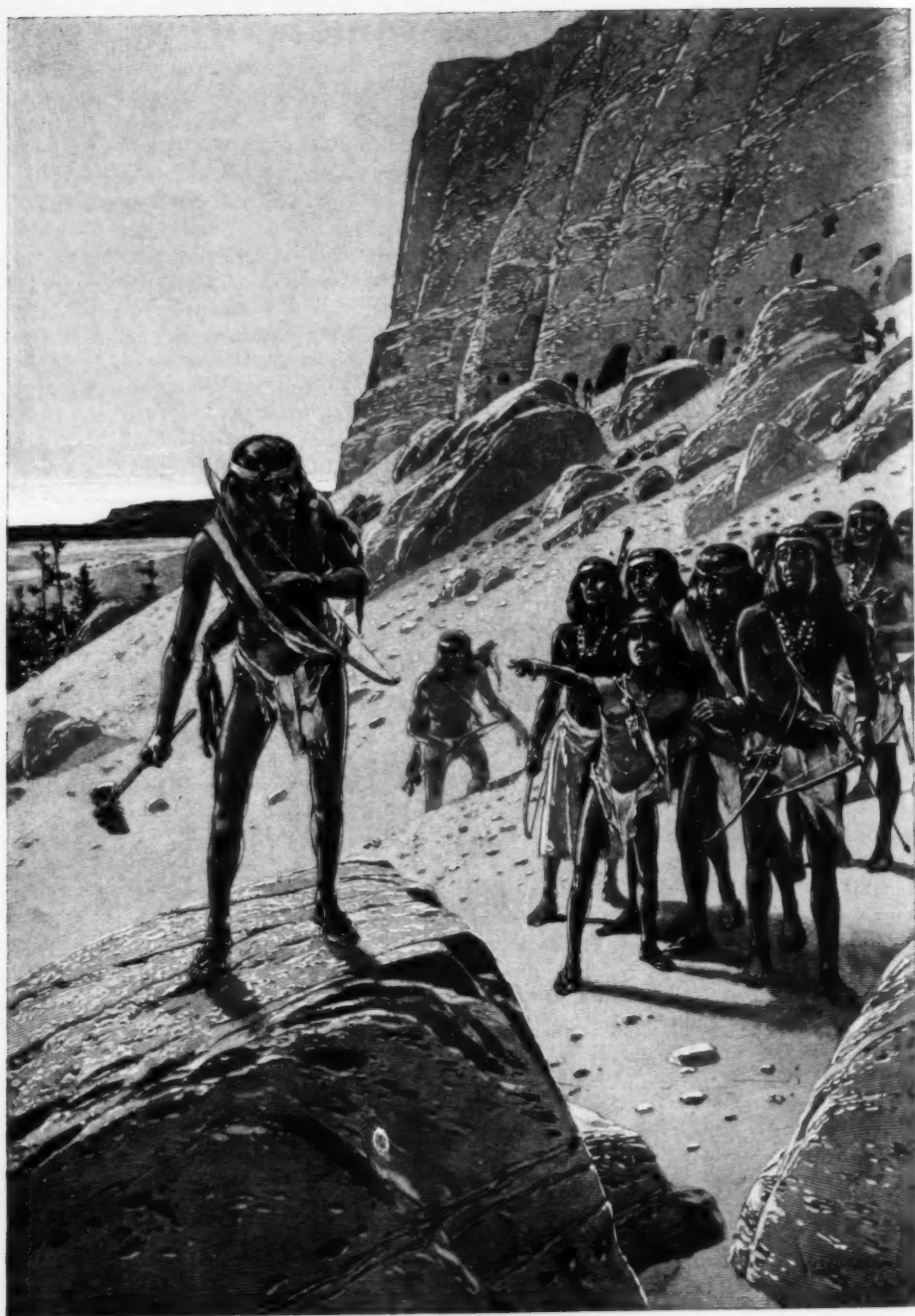
There on the bank were seven more little dead goslings, arranged neatly in a pile, with their bills all pointing one way!

"Well, I never—" began grandma. But papa suddenly stooped over and patted Boxer on the head.

"Good doggy!" he exclaimed in a queer, shaking kind of voice. And then, "Don't you see what he's done? He thought I whipped him all because he did n't put them in a pile! Good doggy! Yes-sir-ee! Nice old fellow!"

"Wuf!" barked Boxer, wagging almost double for joy.

It is doubtful if any of the goslings would have lived to become geese if Uncle Ted had not come that afternoon to take Boxer home. And the next time he visited the farm he was much too wise a dog to chase barn-yard fowls of any kind.



"THIS IS THE TRAITOR WHO HAS SOLD US!" (SEE PAGE 1077.)

PÓH-HLAIK, THE CAVE-BOY.

BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS.



FIVE hundred years ago the cloudless sun of New Mexico beat as blinding white upon the Pu-yé as it does to-day, and played as quaint pranks of hide-and-seek with the shadows in the face of that dazzling cliff; stealing now behind the royal pines in front, now suddenly leaping out to catch the dark truants that went dodging into the caves.

Now the sun and the shadows are the same, and play the same old game—on one side with eager fire, on the other with pleased but timid gentleness. The playground has changed with the centuries, but not so much as to seem unfamiliar. It is the same noble cliff, lofty and long and castellate, towering creamy and beautiful amid the outpost pine groves of the Valles wilderness. From a little way off there seems no bit of change in it.

But ah, what a change there has been, after all! For the very silence of silences lies upon the Pu-yé. Only the deep breath of the pines, the sudden scream of the piñonero blue jay, ever break it now. And time was when the Boy Sun and the Shadow Girls had here a thousand mates in their gambols: mates whose voices flew like birds, and with pattering feet amid the tufa blocks, and the gleam of young eyes—three things that sun and shadows have not, nor had even when they were so much younger. Once these jumbled stones were tall houses against the white face of the cliff; and the caves into which the shadows crowd so were homes.

Then the great cliff of the Pu-yé was not lonely. Hundreds of faint smoke-spirals stole up its face. Here and there among the gray houses strode stalwart men with bow-case on shoulder, and women bringing water in earthen jars upon their heads. As for children, they were everywhere: sitting in the tufa sand and

sifting it through their fingers; shouting "*hee-tah-oh*" from their hiding amid the great pumice blocks fallen from the cliff; chasing each other over the rocks, into the caves, down the slope, in that very game of tag which was invented before fire was; making mud tortillas by the pools of the drying brook; hunting each other in mimic war among the pines, or turning small bows and arrows to bring down the saucy piñonero, whose sky-blue feathers should deck bare heads of straight black hair.

Póh-hlaik, up by the cliff corner near where the estufa of the Eagle clan showed its dark mouth, was enjoying himself as much as any one—and a little bit after the game of the sun and the shadows. He was a tall, sinewy lad, with strong white teeth coming to light very often, and supple hands that could bend a bow to the arrow head. Just now he was down on all fours, crouching, pouncing, charging, and roaring in blood-curdling wise when he had breath between laughs. *Mo-keit-cha*, indeed! I would like to see the mountain-lion with such contented victims! Póh-hlaik's were half a dozen brown little sisters and cousins who laughed and shrieked and ran and came back to be devoured anew by this insatiate monster. Sometimes in a particularly ferocious rush some one got tipped over or had a toe stepped on by *Mo-keit-cha*; and then she would make a lip and start off crying—whereat the ravening beast would pat her on the head with clumsy tenderness, and call back her dimples by a still grotesquer caper.

But before the victims had been devoured many more times apiece, a sweet, clear voice of a woman came ringing:

"Póh-hlaik!"

"Here, little mother! What wilt thou?" And the cougar of a moment ago rose on his hind legs and ran obediently on them to where a woman leaned through the tiny doorway of a cave. The adobe floor was spotlessly clean,

and her modest cotton tunic shone like snow. Floor and tunic and feature should have looked strange enough to the unguessed and unguessing world beyond the seas. But in the face was a presence which any one should know, down to a smallest child, and anywhere—the mother look, which is the same in all the world.

"A goodly man will he be!" she murmured absently, with soft eyes resting on her strong young son. "Ay! It is to seek thy father, carrying this squash and dried meat of the deer. For by now he will be hungry, so long as he is in the estufa. And pray him come, if he will, that he may hear the baby, what it says."

Reaching back, she brought forward a little flat cradle with buckskin flaps laced across it; and from under its buckskin hood peered a brown lump of flesh, with big eyes black as tar.

"Ennah, handful-warrior!
Ennah, little great-man!"

she crooned, tossing the bundle gently on level palms. A funny little crack ran across the fatness, and the eyes lighted up as if they really knew something; and from that uncertain cavity came a decided "dā-dā"—which is just as far as a baby of his age gets with all the civilized progress of this year of grace 1903. We start about even; and it is fairly wonderful in knocking about the world to find how little difference there is, even in the first speech. There is no home nor blood where "papa" and "mama" are not understood. English words? Not a bit of it! They are *human* words, everywhere current, everywhere dear—perhaps remnants to us, with a few more of childhood, of before the Tower of Babel. And everywhere is as great joy when the uncertain lips first say "dā-dā" as was now in the house of Kwé-ya.

"Already he is to talk!" cried Póh-hlaik, with a delighted grin; and patting his mother on the shoulder and the baby on the cheek, he went running and leaping over the rocks like a young deer. Directly he was at the Eagle people's estufa, where the men of his father's clan all slept as well as counseled; for in the queer Indian society, which was not society at all, the men lived in their big sacred room, the women and children in their little houses. Póh-hlaik entered the small door, and stood a mo-

ment before his eyes grew used to the darkness. Then he saw his father sitting by the wall smoking a rush, and went to him.

"Here is to eat," he said, handing the bundle. "And my mother says if you will come! For already the small-one calls you!"

"He does? It is good—I will go." The tall, stern-faced Indian rose with slow dignity which was belied by a something in his eyes and voice. Like some men I have remotely heard of in more modern times, P'yá-po was not so "weak" as to betray feeling. But he was strong enough to *have* it—and sometimes a very tiny token of it would leak out in spite of him. Now, though nothing would have induced him to show unseemly haste, he was clearly losing no steps; and already the stately strides had carried him several yards as he turned to say to Póh-hlaik:

"Son, at the White-Corn people's estufa, if thou see Enque-Enque, tell him I would speak with him before the night."

"So I will say," answered the boy, respectfully, turning to go to his own estufa—for since his mother was of the White-Corn people, so was Póh-hlaik. With Indians almost everywhere descent is reckoned from the mother's side, and not, as with us, from the father's. Furthermore, a man cannot marry into his own clan, so his sons belong to a different estufa.

Sure enough, Enque-Enque was at the Man-house of the White-Corn clan, and he received the message with a grunt. He was a little sharp-faced man, with the look of one gone sour. If P'yá-po with his mighty head and frame had a lion-like air, this other as clearly suggested the fox. Even the acute features contributed less to this than a way he had of cocking his chin down and to one side, and looking at something else, but seeing you. And it is a thing I have had occasion to learn, that when you are with one of these men who sees all you do without using even "half an eye," you will have none too many eyes to watch him if you use all you have.

Enque-Enque did not so much as look at Póh-hlaik; but the boy (who could have given lessons in these things to any one of us, if able to phrase what he knew) understood that the subordinate Shaman had weighed his face to a

feather. Not that there was any secret to read there — he had merely delivered a message of which he knew no import back of the words. He did not *like* Enque-Enque; but trust an Indian face to say nothing of that — and as for his tone, it was the respectful one which no Pueblo boy ever failed to use to an elder. And now he suddenly felt *afraid* of his father's fifth assistant — suddenly, without the slightest tangible excuse, for nothing had happened.

"Shall I say to my father anything?" he ventured at last.

"I will go," answered the man, shortly — which Póh-hlaik needed no interpreter to tell him meant also "Now clear out, boy."

"But that is a queer one!" he was thinking to himself, as he went skipping down the slope. As he turned to come away, he had caught glimpse of about an inch of notched reed projecting from the lion-skin case on Enque-Enque's back. "For the feathers are put differently, and it will be longer, too — since it stands above the rest."

It was a very trifling matter to annoy any one; but that arrow seemed to stick in the boy's mind. You can have no possible notion how tiny a thing the Indian will notice, nor how much it can say to him; for he has kept the eyes that nature gave man to start with, and that we civilized folk have largely frittered away.

At the foot of the slope, where some enormous boulders hid him from the village, his trot dropped to a walk; and presently he sat down upon a block of tufa and began looking very intently at his feet. Whatever he saw there did not serve; for in a few minutes he rose, with a still clouded face, and began climbing a zigzag trail to the left. Here the cliff tapers into a long slope; and after a short trudging over the pumice fragments, he came upon the brow of the mesa among the junipers. A little farther yet, and he suddenly stepped from the woods into a large clearing, in whose center stood a great square pueblo, three stories high, built of tufa blocks from the same white cliff. Here were other brown folk, little and big; for this was the "up-stairs town" of the cave pueblo, its ultimate refuge and fortress, and the permanent home of some of its people.

"Ka-ki!" sung out a voice; and a boy of Póh-hlaik's own age came scrambling down a ladder from the tall housetops. "I was just to go for thee. Come, let us make a hunt in the cañon, if we may find the Little-Old-Mountain-Man* — for now he is very fat."

"It is well!" answered Póh-hlaik, brightening. "And if not him, we'll at least get trout."

Both boys had their bow-cases on their backs, and in five minutes they had descended the slope and were crossing the plateau to the brink of the cañon. This rift in the upland, four hundred feet deep, was shadowy with royal pines and musical with a lovely brook — as it is to this day. Póh-hlaik and Ka-be descended the precipitous side noiselessly, and began creeping along the brook in the thick underbrush. Fat trout flashed in the pools; but the boys paid no attention to them, for from a thicket on the other side of a little natural glade came the "gobble-obble-obble" and then the *skir-r-r!* of the wild turkey.

"No!" whispered Póh-hlaik to his companion's suggestion. "We will wait here — for he will come out to the brook with his family. But if we try to get to the other side, he can run without our seeing him for the bushes."

They lay quietly in a thick clump of alders, grasping each his bow, with an arrow at the string. The gobbler repeated his cry — and suddenly it was echoed from behind them! The boys exchanged startled looks, and Ka-be was about to speak, but Póh-hlaik put his finger to his lips, with a curious flicker in his eye.

Just then there was a faint sighing sound overhead; and close in front of the thicket whence the first gobble had come, an arrow, fallen from the sky, stood quivering in the sward. A tiny rustle in the bushes, and a dark, bare arm reached out and plucked the arrow back out of sight.

Ka-be wore a dumfounded look, but Póh-hlaik's face showed even more of terror than of wonder. He thought he had seen that arrow before! Now there were no more turkey-calls, but dead silence reigned in the cañon.

"Now he will not come!" whispered Ka-be. "Let us creep up the brook and around upon him before that other gets him."

* The wild turkey.

"For your heart, hush you!" breathed Póh-hlaik in the ear of his chum. "See you not that there are no turkeys? And that hand—is that a hand of the Grandchildren of the Sun? It is for us to get to the pueblo *now*, and unseen! For not *our* lives only, but many more, are in the shadow. See!" he added nervously—for two or three fresh alder-leaves came slipping down the current, and then there was the faintest tinge in the limpid water, as of sand stirred up far above. "Come! But more noiseless and hidden than the snakes!"

He stretched upon his belly, and began moving down stream, lizard-like, the still puzzled Ka-be following him. When they had traversed a few hundred feet in this tedious fashion, Póh-hlaik turned to the right, up a little ravine dense with bush. It led to the top; and in a few moments the boys peered from the last bush on the brink of the cañon out among the scattered pines. All was still.

"Now, friend, it is to run as for life—and not straight, but dodging between the trees. Come!" Springing from their shelter, Póh-hlaik dashed off. Ka-be was at his heels—for, though his face showed that he was still mystified, he was one of those who follow.

No living thing was in sight; but before the runners had made four bounds there was a vicious *ish-oo!* and an arrow split the lobe of Póh-hlaik's ear and fell five yards ahead of him. Ka-be gave a wild yell, and leaped ahead like a scared fawn; but as for Póh-hlaik, he only clapped his hand to his ear even as he swerved past a big pine so as to throw it in line behind him. There was another whizz, but not so near; and then no further token.

"Not a word now!" said Póh-hlaik sternly, as they came, still at a smart run, to the cave-village. "For none must know save the Men of Power. My father will know what to do."

Ka-be promised—though a little sullenly at loss of the sensation he wished to noise abroad—and went off along the cliff. Póh-hlaik drew his father into an inner cave-room, and there told him everything just as it had befallen, without comments or surmises. Only, at the end, he could not refrain from adding: "As for the

arrow which went as a message to the *barbaro*, I think I saw it once before!"

"Ahu? Was it with Enque-Enque? For if there be a traitor, it is he. It is because he is thought to be treating with the Tin-néh that I summoned him. Two say that they have seen him coming secretly from where the hostiles were. He has never been content since the elders laughed at his pretensions to be Chief Shaman. So in his quiver was the arrow? Well hast thou done, son! Keep the heart of a man and the still tongue. As for me, we will see what is to do."

There was but one thing to be done, in the opinion of the Captain of War. Those who had shot at two boys of the pueblo must be of the savage Tin-néh,* who from time immemorial had harassed the town-dwellers. Since they were in the cañon, he would teach them! Old Mah-quah had been dead but a year, and this was his successor's first chance. He would have no barbarians prowling about the peace-loving cave-town of the Pu-yé!

In less than half an hour a strong band of warriors, headed by the War Captain and the Chief Shaman, were stealing down into the cañon noiselessly as so many shadows. "Come thou," P'yá-po had said to his son; "for to-day may be the chance to prove thyself a man."

But Póh-hlaik replied: "Wilt thou not let me stay here by the mother? For in my heart something tells me."

"As thou wilt!" his father had given short answer. As he strode off he was thinking: "Will my first son be a mouse?"

But it was not that which kept the boy at home. He dared not say it to his father, but to him the plan of the War Captain seemed reckless. "What if it were even so that Enque-Enque wishes? For else why did he shoot at me again, after failing to kill? Was it not that I might report there were *barbaros* in the cañon, so he would get the warriors sent there? But how shall one dare think so, when the Men of Power decide otherwise?"

But, despite the inbred reverence for authority, Póh-hlaik could not convince himself that all was well; he wandered about restlessly. As the sun went down, the men sat in little

* The great tribe now known as Navajos.

groups talking of the matter, ill at ease; for after so many months of quiet, the savage foe was back at the old game. Dusk was closing in as Enque-Enque came strolling around the western turn of the cliff, his stone hoe in his hand. He had been at his field, he explained carelessly; and violent were his curses upon the Tin-néh when he heard the news.

Even as he spoke there came a far clamor — yells of rage, mingled with the fierce war-cry.

"They have trapped ours!" shouted Enque-Enque, leaping upon a rock. "Come! we must run to their help, for the enemy are many."

A hundred men sprang forward at the word of the sub-Shaman, clutching their bows; but Póh-hlaik stood before them, crying shrilly:

"Not so! This same is the traitor who has sold us to the Tin-néh, and now he would strip the town of its men! Go not, if ye will hear the words of a boy!"

It was an unheard-of thing, thus to defy a medicine-man; but even so he stood erect, so stern and gray-faced that grizzled men looked at him in awe and back to the accused.

Enque-Enque's foxy air did not change in the least. "Bewitched is the boy!" he sneered, running his eyes back along the cliff. Then a sudden light broke across his face, and from his throat poured a wild whoop, even as he drove a swift shaft through the neck of the First Lieutenant of War. In answer rose a hideous yell from all about, and the darkening rocks swarmed with darker forms, and the twilight buzzed with wasps that had need to sting but once. A score of the men of the Pu-yé fell before one had time to turn; and among them was Póh-hlaik, an obsidian-tipped arrow through his shoulder and another deep in his thigh.

The conspirator's plans had worked very well. His hated chief and a majority of the warriors were gone out to the ambush he had laid for them; and his failure to send off the rest of the fighting strength of the town was like to be counterbalanced by the complete surprise. The startled Pueblos fought desperately; but the savages were nearly two to one, and pushed them to the very doors of the caves.

As for Póh-hlaik, he had fallen between two great lava-blocks, fainting with pain and loss of blood. For a few moments he lay there;

and then, suddenly gritting his teeth, began dragging himself toward his mother's house. She was alone with the little one.

All around him raged the fight. The air hurtled with arrows, and everywhere were savage whoops and dying screams and the sickly smell of blood. Once two grappled foemen wrestled across him, wringing a howl of pain from him with their tread; and again, he had to crawl over a stark form. But he hunched himself painfully along behind sheltering rocks till close to the cave that was his home. He was about to call out, when suddenly, against the darkening sky, he saw a figure backing out of the low doorway, dragging something. Had he been standing he could not have made it out; but from his prostrate position that dark silhouette against the west was unmistakable. It was Enque-Enque! His bow was gone; but between his teeth was something which could only be the cruel obsidian knife, and both his hands were clenched in the long hair of a woman — who seemed to be bracing against the doorway to keep from being dragged out.

Póh-hlaik's heart lost its count for a moment. His father's enemy knew well where to strike! And at thought of the fate that overhung his mother, he turned deathly sick.

The victim's hold was slipping — already her head and shoulders were through the door. Enque-Enque, as he hauled away, was hidden now by a tall tufa block; only his long, sinewy arms and their prey showed against the sky.

"The Trues give me eyes!" breathed Póh-hlaik devoutly, tugging the bowstring to his ear, though the effort seemed to drive a hundred darts through the wounded shoulder. Truly it was an ill mark, in that grim dusk and from the ground! But the twang of the cord was followed by a howl of rage and pain. The head popped within the doorway again; and Enque-Enque sprawled backward, scrambled up, and fled into the gloom — his two hands spitted one to the other by the clever shaft.

And then there was a new uproar — but this time from the east! And arrows rained doubly thick, and the enemy-yell of the Hero Brothers soared above the savage howls of the Tin-néh. P'yá-po and his men were back, and at last the barbarians fled down the slopes, leaving their

dead among the rocks. It would be long before they should forget the Pu-yé. P'yá-po's counsel had saved the impetuous War Captain from the full disaster of the ambushade: and, scattering that small force by a flank movement, they had hurried back to the village—well understanding now the whole manœuvre.

When all was over and the Chief Shaman came to his wife's house, he found a badly wounded lad crouched within the door, his bow clutched tightly and his lips set. "I have kept them safe for thee, father!" he said huskily—

and, with the words, lurched fainting to one side. P'yá-po laid him along the floor and stanching the blood, and sat beside him.

"The heart and the hand of a Man!" he said, with a little shake in the sonorous voice. "And when he is well of his wounds he shall take the place of the unworthy one who has gone."

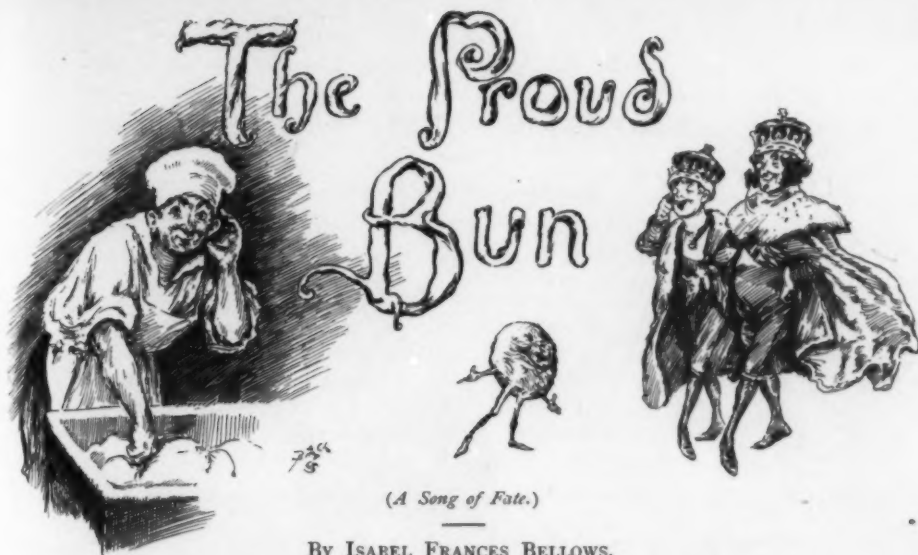
"He is his father's son!" whispered Kwé-ya proudly. And just then the little one, who had slept through the jaws of death, stirred in the buckskin cradle and called, "Dá-dá!"

THE CLEVER NURSE

BY MARGARET JOHNSON

Said this clever little nurse
 "I'm not a gaby.
 I can do more things than tend
 this infant, maybe!"
 And she trotted, sang & read,
 As she plied her nimble thread.
 And every one was pleased—
 except the Baby





(A Song of Fate.)

BY ISABEL FRANCES BELLOWES.

THE baker-man was kneading buns,—
His trough was deep and wide,—
When, much to his surprise, he heard
A small voice by his side.

"Oh, make me large and fat," it said,
"And stuff me full of plums,
So that I may attract ap-
plause
From every one who comes."

"Oh, put a piece of citron in,
And make me rich and rare,
That I may serve for dukes
and earls
Who sumptuously do
fare."

The baker chuckled in
his sleeve
To hear him talk so
big,
But thought, "I 'll put in
everything,
And let him run his
rig!"

He put in all he had on hand,
And made him rich and rare,
And set him in the window-pane,
To make the natives stare.

For, swelled to twice his natural size
With yeast and plums and pride,
He scorned the doughnuts, pies, and cakes.
And elbowed them aside.

"I 'm waiting for the duke," he said,
"With whom I am to dine!"
Just then two newsboys came along
Whose appetites were fine.

"My eye!" they cried, "come
over here
And see this jolly bun;
Let's buy him for our sup-
per, quick!"
And so the thing was
done.

Two morals to this little
song
Are had at easy rates:
'T is ill to wait for dukes
and earls
In these United
States.

And when the baker kneads his dough,
If then you are begun,
No matter what he may put in,
You 'll always be a bun!



THE SORROWS OF THREE LITTLE COONS.

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE.



OFFICER TOWERSE: "SO I 'VE CAUGHT YOU AT LAST, YOU YOUNG RASCALS, STEALING MY MASTER'S CORN, HEY? I 'VE BEEN WATCHING FOR YOU ALL THIS WEEK, AND NOW WE 'LL SEE WHAT WILL HAPPEN."



FARMER JENKINS: "CAUGHT THEM EATING AND SHUCKING MY CORN, DID YOU, OFFICER? WELL, I 'M RATHER SHORT OF HANDS THIS FALL, SO YOU MAY TAKE THEM TO THE BARN AND SET THEM TO WORK."



BE'ER COON: "THIS IS THE MEANEST TRICK WE HAVE EVER HAD PLAYED ON US. CORN, CORN ALL AROUND, AND NOT A GRAIN TO EAT! LOOK OUT, THERE 'S THAT OFFICER PEEPING IN THE WINDOW."

A TRIP THROUGH THE NEW YORK ASSAY OFFICE.

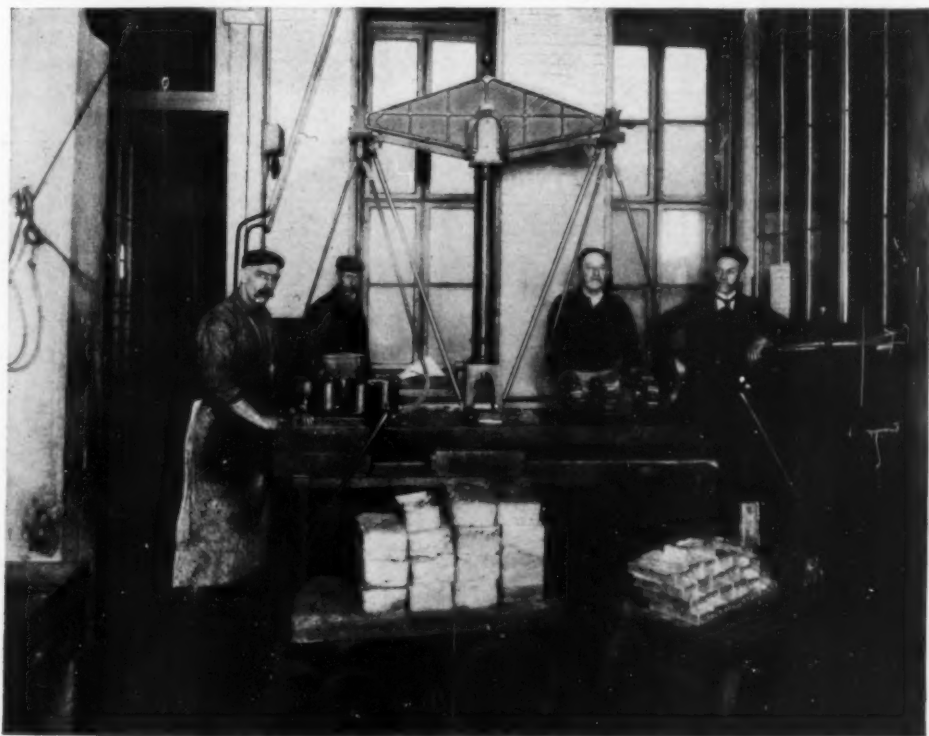
BY JOSEPH HENRY ADAMS.

(With Illustrations by the Author.)

DOWN on Wall Street, a block below Broadway, and opposite Broad Street, in New York city, there is a little old building of quaint colonial architecture that nestles close under the protecting shadow of the massive Subtreasury. To the hurrying throng that passes up and down the street daily this old structure holds

formed persons, however, it is a mine of interest; for within its walls enough gold and silver in bars and bricks is stored to fairly dazzle the eyes of the observer, were the full extent of its riches shown at one time.

Over the doorway on a weather-beaten sign appears the inscription, "United States Assay



WEIGHING GOLD AND SILVER TO "CHECK UP" IN PASSING FROM ONE DEPARTMENT TO ANOTHER.

but little interest apart from its antiquated appearance and striking contrast to the beautiful new buildings all around it.

To the banking concerns, the jewelry and silverware manufacturers, and to the well-in-

Office"; but there is nothing to inform the passer-by all that the name implies. One would scarcely suspect that within its vaults many millions of dollars' worth of gold and silver bricks are stored, seldom less than fifty and sometimes

exceeding one hundred million dollars' worth. The sight of so many millions in gold is itself quite worth the visit, for nowhere in this country can so much pure gold be seen at one time.

The assay office is devoted solely to the refining of gold and silver, and casting these metals into bricks. It is open to the public for inspection, and as it is under the supervision of the government, every opportunity is extended to the visitor to observe the interesting features of the assaying and refining processes.

As you enter the office a trusty doorkeeper makes mental note of you; and he is such a good character-reader that often suspicious persons are not admitted beyond the hallway.

If you appear to be unobjectionable, however, and there are not too many in the party, you may be introduced to Mr. Murray, the guide and detective; but you need not feel hurt if he stays close to you during the trip through

the works, for, no matter how honest you may be, his watchword is, "Trust no man." His vigilance will not be annoying, but you may feel quite sure that he is not the only one who is watching every move of the visitors.

The greatest precaution is taken in handling the precious metals to avoid loss, and no matter how unconcerned the workmen may seem to be, they are always on their guard; for the slightest loss in their department would mean rigid investigation, whether they or the visitors were connected with the deficiency.

The first department visited is the receiving-room, where all deposits are accepted from any one having gold and silver to be refined or sold in amounts of one hundred dollars or more.

Each depositor is given a numbered receipt on which the weight of the metal is recorded, and a duplicate slip is dropped in the tray containing the deposit. This number follows the



THE NEW YORK ASSAY OFFICE (TO THE RIGHT), SHOWING THE UNITED STATES SUBTREASURY AND STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

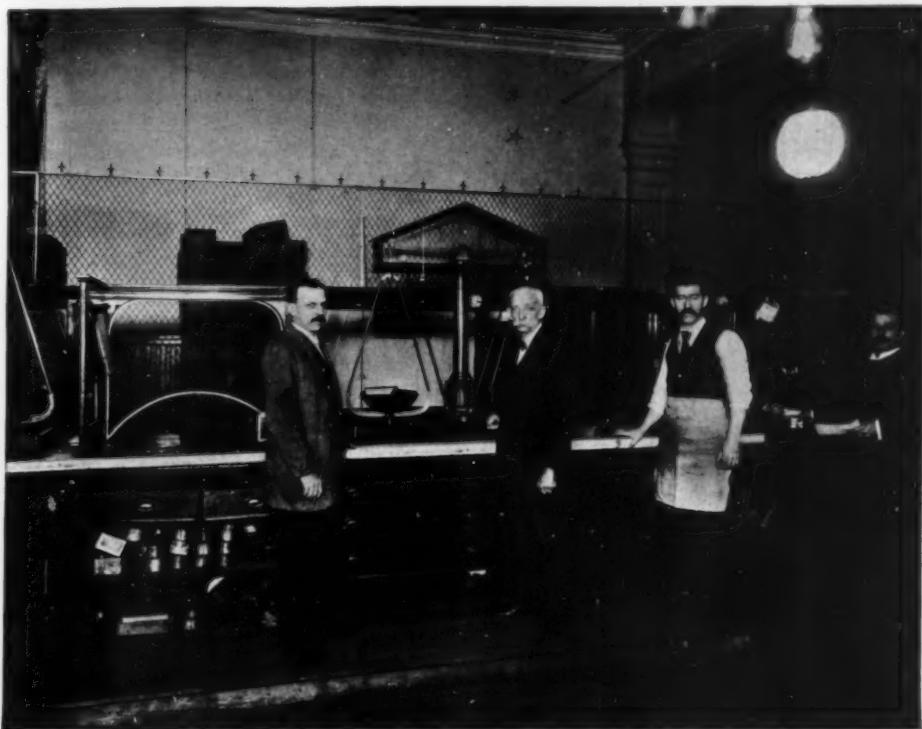
deposit through all the stages of the assaying process, so that it may be identified, and accurate payment can be given for the value of gold and silver, less the cost of melting, separating, and refining, which amounts to a very small proportion of the entire value of the deposit.

It is very interesting to watch the deposits come in from various sources — at one time from a jewelry manufacturer and consisting of broken and worn rings, bracelets, chains, bench-sweep-

be melted and cast into ingots, on which the deposit number is stamped in large numerals.

From the mines all over the country deposits are received, direct or through banking-houses, of nuggets, bars, dust, and "sand," as fine grains of gold and silver are termed; but this material must be in metallic state, and not in the shape of ores, as crude smelting is not done here.

Then perchance a sackful of quaint old silverware and gold ornaments comes in, the de-



RECEIVING-ROOM, WHERE ALL THE GOLD AND SILVER, SPECIE, AND MUTILATED SCRAP ARE RECEIVED AND WEIGHED.

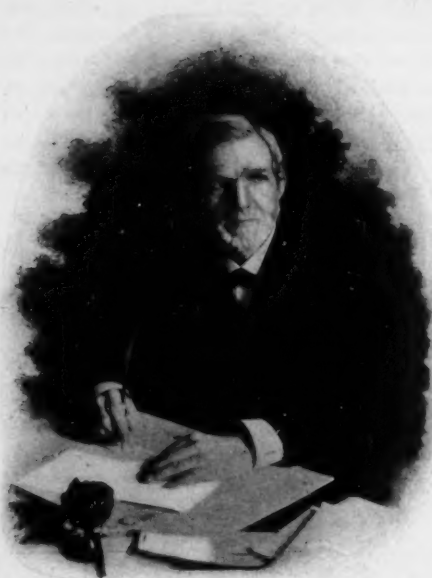
ings, and gold filings, together with all sorts of plated jewelry, sadly broken and bent. At another time a banker's deposit will arrive, in which are all sorts of uncurrent and mutilated coins, both United States and foreign.

It is sometimes a temptation to the employees to purchase some of the curious things that appear in these deposits; but the government is not in the "antique" business, and an invariable rule forbids, as everything handed in must

posit of a pawnbroker or money-lender; and often among the articles are some things that would be of great interest to the connoisseur or collector of antiques.

These deposits are all reduced to bars of uniform size and shape, and stored on the shelves of Uncle Sam's vaults for future use.

From the receiving-room the deposit is taken to the first foundry on the ground floor, where it is reduced in a crucible over a white-hot fur-



MR. ANDREW MASON, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE
NEW YORK ASSAY OFFICE.

nace, and cast into an ingot, or several of them, according to the size of the deposit.

A chip is taken from both ends of each ingot and sent to the assaying department, which is in charge of Dr. Torrey, the chief assayer, who has occupied this position for nearly a quarter of a century, having succeeded his father in this position.

The chips, or "assays," as they are termed, are carefully weighed on scales so accurate that the millionth of an ounce can be recorded, and they are then wrapped in a thin piece of sheet-lead and placed on a small bone-ash cup or cupel. A number of these cupels are passed into the assayer's oven at one time, where they are

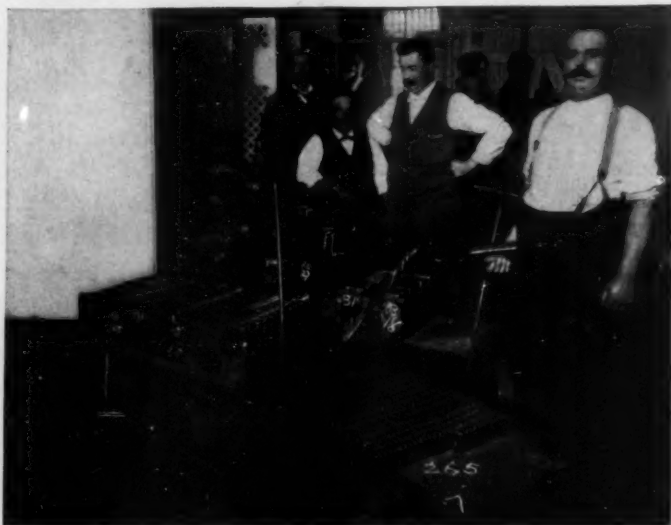
allowed to remain in the fierce heat for several minutes.

The air passing into the oven and over the assay unites with the lead and base metals contained in the cupel, and forms oxids, which the bone-ash absorbs, so that nothing but a "bead," or "button," of pure gold and silver remains. This little button of metal is cooled, and weighed on the fine scales. Its weight subtracted from that of the original chip gives the weight of base metal.

The button must now be separated into gold and silver, so it is rolled out into a thin, flat strip, and with nitric acid the silver is dissolved, leaving the gold, whose weight determines the gold fineness of the sample, except in cases where special treatment is required. After this process, which requires about four days, the value of the whole deposit is ascertained by calculation, and is paid to the depositor in money, or gold and silver bricks, as desired, and the original deposit then becomes government property.

The banks and mines usually take the value of deposits in money, but the manufacturers of gold and silver wares draw gold and silver bars, which they convert into new articles.

Such infinite care is taken that nearly every



THREE MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF GOLD BRICKS IN SIGHT.

ounce of metal can be accounted for annually, and errors are hardly ever made.

The New York assay office is the largest and most important in the country. It is in charge of Mr. Andrew Mason, who has been connected with it since 1854, and who has been its superintendent since 1883.

Nearly twice as much bullion is assayed and refined here as in any other United States office, the yearly average being about \$50,000,000; but often it exceeds this amount, as in 1898, when the value was \$81,465,425.19.

Having inspected the assaying department, you will next enter the second weighing-room, where all deposits are recorded before they are

it is to be boiled can act readily in reducing it to chemical form. The process employed for the small test-assays is too long and expensive a one to be used in refining metals in large quantities, so another method, known as the sulphuric-acid process, is employed. The acid used is strong enough when cold to eat up almost anything, but when at boiling temperature metals dissolve in it almost like lump sugar in hot water.

This process takes place in the next room, in which several large cast-iron kettles are set in brick and iron foundations under which fire-boxes are arranged. Each kettle has a capacity of about one thousand pounds of acid, and these

are the kettles in which the granular silver of Uncle Sam's cook-shop are boiled. The greatest care must be taken not to lose any of the valuable fluid contained in these kettles after the boiling is done, for the reason that it is rich in silver and copper, with a percentage of other metals.

In these kettles all metals, with the exception of the gold, are reduced to "sulphates,"—sulphate of copper, sulphate of silver, etc.,—and are in liquid chemical form. When cool, this is siphoned off into a lead-lined tank on the floor below.

At the bottom and sides of this tank are pure metallic copper plates, and as soon as the solution is heated by means of steam the silver begins to deposit on the copper plates as pure metallic silver, it being replaced in the solution by an equivalent weight of the copper.

The silver is in the form of a white spongy material resembling mud, which is collected and washed with hot water to free it from any remaining copper or acid. It is then pressed into



WASHING THE GOLD "MUD" WITH HOT WATER PREPARATORY TO PRESSING INTO CAKES.

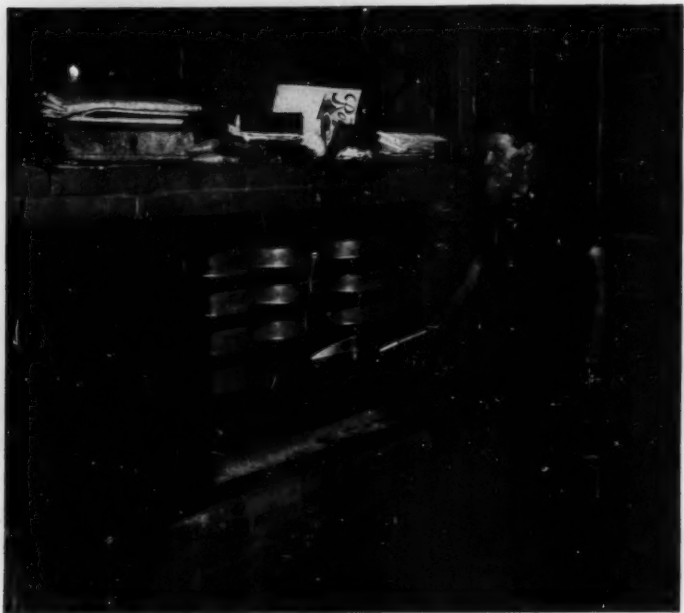
melted. Here we see piles of ingots being weighed on the large beam-scales, which are so nicely balanced that from pounds to hundredths of an ounce the weight can be accurately determined.

Over this room is the boiling-room, where all crude ingots are melted together and poured into large vessels containing water to make the metal take a granular form, resembling coal ashes, in order that the sulphuric acid in which

cakes, dried in an oven, and finally melted in a crucible and cast into silver bricks of various sizes and $\frac{999}{1000}$ fine, that is, only $\frac{1}{1000}$ of foreign material to $\frac{999}{1000}$ pure silver.

The solution of copper that has released the silver is siphoned off into lead-lined tanks in which thick strips of lead are suspended, and the process of crystallization begins that results in thousands of pounds of a beautiful blue crystal known as bluestone, or sulphate of copper.

an oven. These cakes are melted and cast into bricks valued at four hundred, five thousand, and eight thousand dollars each, and ranging from $\frac{999}{1000}$ to $\frac{999.8}{1000}$ fine. They are then turned over to the cashier for payment on deposits, or added to the thousands of others that are stored in the great vault, whence they may eventually find their way to the mint and be converted into coin, or used for export in remitting payments to Europe and other foreign countries.



A VALUABLE CAKE-OVEN. THE TEN CAKES SHOWN HERE ARE WORTH \$250,000.

This is packed in barrels and sold to paint manufacturers, dyers, and bleachers; and a large quantity of it is exported to the grape-growing countries, where it is reduced to a solution and sprayed on grape-vines to prevent their destruction by the many varieties of worms and insects that would otherwise ruin the crops.

The gold left in the bottom of the kettles is in the form of a reddish brown mud which contains some traces of silver.

This is reboiled with fresh acid which takes up the remaining silver, and after the solution is siphoned off, the gold mud is washed with hot water, pressed into cakes worth about twenty-five thousand dollars each, and dried in

You will notice some men in this room whose clothing is eaten by acid, and who are never without a rubber apron and rubber gloves, for a drop of this fluid on the skin or clothes means a bad burn.

We see piles of bricks and boxes full of ingots lying about for the last test and marks before being placed in the vaults. These are of the purest metal, and are cast from the silver and gold cakes that were baked in the ovens. While it is against the rules for visitors to touch anything, perhaps Mr. Murray will let you lift a gold brick, one of the eight-thousand-dollar kind. It will feel good to hold it for a few seconds, but to carry it far would be a task, for it will weigh about thirty-five pounds, gold being much heavier than most people are accustomed to think.

Judging from the very small size of a gold dollar, one would think it quite possible to lift and carry at least one hundred thousand of them with ease; but you can very quickly figure that if gold is worth twenty dollars an ounce, it would only take one thousand ounces to make a brick worth twenty thousand dollars, and this would weigh about sixty-three pounds (avoir-dupois), a very heavy load when in the form of a solid brick.

The whole refining process reminds one of the operations in a huge bake-shop, for the mixing, ladling, boiling, and baking results in the making of yellow and white cakes, too hard to eat, however, but singularly attractive to possess.

In passing through a weighing-room one day at lunch-time, the writer noticed an apparently poor old man, shabbily dressed, sitting on a box of ingots, while spread out on a newspaper on another box was his frugal lunch. To the friendly inquiry as to the value of his dining-table and seat, he casually glanced at each in a very contented manner, and said his table was worth about \$750,000, while the value of the seat was something like \$175,000.



A WORKMAN USING A SEAT WORTH \$175,000, AND A TABLE WORTH \$750,000.

Between each process all metals are weighed and recorded, and a most perfect check system is maintained from receiving-room to vault. So perfect is each, and each isolated from the others, that one weigher does not know what another is doing, nor is there any way for them

to compare notes. This applies also to the little assays at the beginning, and one man's work is gone over by another, so that one practically verifies the other, or detects an error, which latter case is a rare one.

All the men at work in the foundries wear clothes that do not leave the building. Aprons, hats, shoes, clothing, boxes, tubs, barrels, wooden benches, and sweepings are periodically burned, smelted, and assayed, and yield a handsome return.

June is house-cleaning month, and while Uncle Sam is not a slovenly housekeeper, it is not his policy to do too much dusting and cleaning, for no one knows what valuable particles may be lying around on ledges, over doorways,

or in dust under benches, to say nothing of the accumulation of precious matter that works into the wooden flooring, or in furnace ashes, all of which are carefully collected and reduced to a paying basis.

The carpets in offices, sweepings from roofs of buildings near the furnace chimneys, and the floor plankings are occasionally burned and reduced to ashes, from which a goodly sum is realized.

On the ground floor near the first foundry the large vaults are located, and you will be allowed to look between the bars of the steel doors and into the rooms in which vast sums of money are represented in the thou-

sands of bricks stored on the shelves. Very few persons are ever allowed inside. The vaults cannot be opened by the cashier except in the presence of one other man, who, with him, knows the lock combination.

Like all large vaults, the doors are provided

with time-locks, and should a person happen to remain within the vault after the door had been closed and the lock set, nothing but a charge of dynamite would set him free until the hour had come for which the clock was set.

As the assay office is under the supervision of the government, the same rigid civil-service rules and examinations apply to the employees as to others entering the government employ, and this accounts for the very long period of service to which many of the assay office employees can lay claim. The late doorkeeper, to whom every bank-runner and manufacturer's representative was known, passed his quarter-century of service at the Wall Street entrance before his death. His faculty for remembering a face was remarkable, and occasionally he would recognize a person who had been in the office many years before, but whom he had not seen during the intervening period.

Both Mr. Mason and Dr. Martin, the chief refiner, were connected with the Philadelphia Mint as far back as 1850, and came to New York when the assay office was established in the early fifties. Many of the workmen can look back more than thirty and forty years to the day they entered the service as young men.

They become so used to seeing precious metal lying around in bulk, and handling it as so many truck-loads of sand, mud, and bricks, "dishing" it up with shovels, boiling and baking it and ladling it out, that it ceases to represent value to them. The only place which they connect mentally with money is the cashier's desk, where they receive their weekly salaries.

Apart from the vigilance exercised within the building for the protection of the treasure, there are secret means of communication with the police and detective bureaus at short notice, so that a planned attack or robbery could be frustrated almost before it was attempted; and, should fire attack the building, everything could be accounted for and practically nothing of value lost. This was shown in the recent fire which destroyed much of the interior of the old building on the second floor. While the firemen were working away from the exterior and through the roof, the most perfect discipline was maintained by the clerks and workmen within, and no one was permitted to enter or leave the building until every ounce of the precious metal in the front or Wall Street building was safely locked within the fireproof vaults.



GOVERNMENT MARKS SHOWING WEIGHT AND VALUE.

THE GOLD BRICK (UPPER) IS WORTH EXACTLY \$5448.13, AND THE SILVER BRICK (LOWER) IS WORTH ABOUT \$115.00. (THE BRICKS ARE NEARLY THREE TIMES THE SIZE HERE SHOWN.)



WHAT 'S THE JOKE?

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

Now what do you suppose these merry heads are smiling at? It must be something very funny to cause such a broad, jolly, irrepressible grin on each stony face. Perhaps they had their pictures taken the day before Christmas, or just after school closed for the summer vacation. Or perhaps it is a laughing class, like the one in the school which the Wonderland Gryphon attended, where they taught laughing and grief. Or they may be simply models for assorted smiles. You know

There once was a man with a child
Who the neighbors said never had smiled,
But the father said, "See,
Smile in this way, like me,
And then folks will know when you 've smiled."

And perhaps that child *could n't* learn to smile like his father, however hard he tried, and so the kind old gentleman had these smilers carved out of stone and hung round his child's room, that the boy might imitate some one of them at least.

But these theories, though plausible, are uncertain, and all that is really known about the smiling heads is that they were found buried in the earth, away down in Mexico, and were recently to be seen smiling, from the shelves of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in Central Park, at whoever cared to look at them.

The heads are nearly as large as life, and are made of terra-cotta of a reddish color. Archaeologists who have studied the subject have come to the conclusion that they are the work of the ancient Toltecs, a people who lived in Mexico about a thousand years ago. The Toltecs were a strong, highly developed, and well-governed race, and their history is one of exceeding interest. Their great capital city, Tollan, was thirty miles northwest of the city of Mexico, and the site is now occupied by a small village called Tula.

The Toltec people were skilled in many of the arts, and are said to have invented the processes of cutting gems and casting metals.

But few of the thousands of relics which have been unearthed are so interesting and so mysterious as this group of ten smiling heads. They are carefully finished, and modeled with an astonishing degree of sculptural merit; besides which they imply some meaning or intent more subtle than is shown by many of the ancient sculptures of their period.

But whatever may be their history, they prove that a smiling countenance is worthy of being immortalized, and a few moments' observation of the visitors looking at these heads in the museum will convince you anew of the truth of the well known saying:

Laugh and the world laughs with you.

HOW "NAPOLEON" REACHED THE HOUSE.

By G. M. L. BROWN.

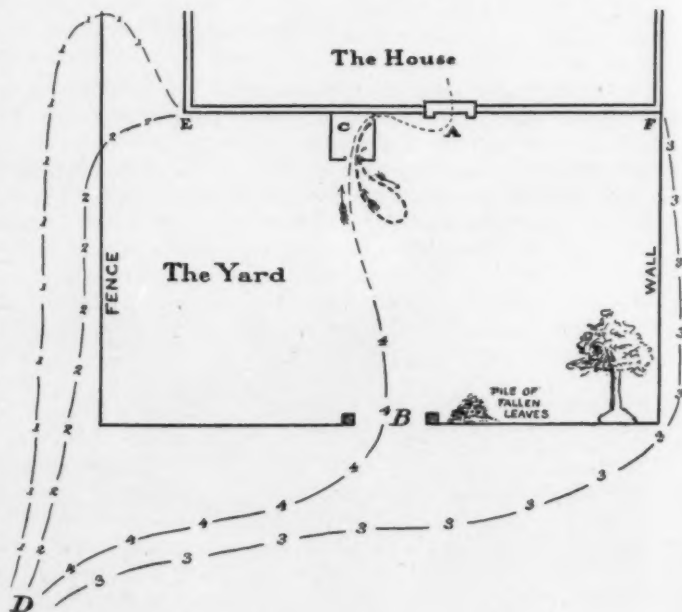
THE barn, the wagon-shed, and the garden all lay some distance from the house in the direction marked D in our diagram. Here "Napoleon" spent most of his time, sleeping, hunting, and basking in the sun. Here, also, his master affirms, he spent much time in study, although few people can credit that. The fact is, two volumes had long been missing from the house—one a geometry, the other a treatise on military tactics, and Napoleon was said to have them hidden in the haymow, where he consulted them whenever he got into difficulties. Be that as it may, he was a very clever cat, and if he did not study books he certainly, like "Paddy's owl," did a "sight o' thinkin'."

One of the most daring of Napoleon's feats, a feat that he repeated daily, was to avoid "Bruno" when he wished to get into the house. Bruno was a savage bulldog, and lived in a kennel marked C, near the kitchen door A. Why they did not chain up such a violent fellow Napoleon could not understand; nor, for that matter, could the stable-boy, the baker, the ragman, and everybody else who had to cross the back yard.

Two of Napoleon's former routes were those marked 1, 1, 1, and 2, 2, 2. Both led to the same point—E, where he had to remain, peeping and crouching, till he was assured that Bruno was asleep. Then, like a whirlwind, he would fly straight for the side of the kennel,

clear it at a bound, and reach the kitchen door before Bruno was fairly awake.

Now this was all very well if the door was open, but if it happened to be closed poor Napoleon had to dash for the brick wall beyond, with Bruno in mad pursuit. Of course he always scaled the wall,—his master declares that a cat could climb a polished granite monument if it set its mind to it,—but his claws suffered greatly, and so did his reputation for agility.



Sometimes, indeed, he used to start from the top of this wall F, which he reached by route 3, 3, 3. Then if the door was closed he would push on for the fence, clearing the kennel in the opposite direction.

But his usual route was 4, 4, 4, direct to the gate B, where he had a better view of both door and kennel. From this point he would advance with cautious steps, instantly turning

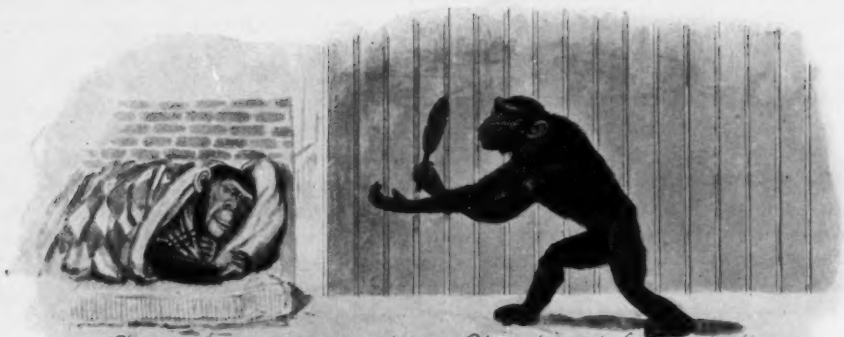
back if Bruno showed himself. It was a proceeding very similar to "stealing a base" in baseball, and, though dignified when compared to the scramble up the wall, was not at all to Napoleon's liking. He determined, therefore, to outgeneral Bruno without any retreats whatever, and this is how he managed it.

Napoleon had observed, whenever he made his descent from the gateway, that Bruno did not run directly toward him; but circled toward the door, knowing well where his opponent was bound. Now he had explored the kennel one day when Bruno was absent, and found, to his satisfaction, that there was a good-sized opening at the back—large enough, in fact, for him to run through, but not large enough for Bruno. Pondering on this discovery, he resolved on a daring plan, and the very next day proceeded to carry it out.

This time, as he approached the gate, Napoleon took pains to announce himself by sundry little skurries among a pile of fallen leaves. Then, sure that his enemy was alert and ready, he dashed boldly toward the open door. This was the chance Bruno had long been looking for. With an eager grunt, he bounded forward and intercepted his oncoming prey. But imagine his surprise when Napoleon, without an instant's hesitation, swerved slightly to the left and vanished within the kennel. Perfectly indignant, yet now quite sure of getting the impudent fellow, Bruno rushed in after him—only to see a frizzed tail disappearing through the opening at the back. Of course by the time Bruno had turned around and got out, Napoleon had reached the kitchen, where outside quarrels could never be taken. Napoleon had proved himself worthy of his name.



THE HARVEST MOON.



Chico asleep

*Chico trying to find his brother
behind the hand glass*



*Chico taking
his lunch*

*The engaging smile
with which Chico
meets his keeper*



Chico's little game with his keeper

"CHICO" AT HOME IN CAPTIVITY.
(DRAWN FROM LIFE.)

"CHICO" THE CHIMPANZEE:

A REMINISCENCE.

BY W. T. HORNADAY.

THIS WAY TO CHICO

said a freshly painted sign at the foot of the stairs in the "old armory building" at the Central Park Zoo, and a friendly hand pointed upward. Upstairs a crowd of people stood all along one side of a big bare room, fended off by a rail from a wall of glass that formed the side of another large room. Behind the glass, in a roomy and comfortable iron-barred cage, once lived "Chico," the largest chimpanzee ever seen on this side of the Atlantic.

Chico was immense, ugly, and wonderful. My first glimpse of him, which came over the shoulders and under the hat-rims of the crowd, was of a mighty pair of pinky-black arms covered with a thin growth of very short and straight black hair, and muscles like a gymnast. These brawny limbs terminated in a pair of enormous hands of a dull pinkish-yellow color, bony and wrinkled. The thumbs were very small, very short, and placed so far back on his hands as to be of very little use to him. They were "opposable" to his fingers only when the hand was closed, and were of so little use that his index-fingers had to do double duty in handling or picking up things.

"What a fearfully ugly brute!" exclaimed a young lady visitor, with a shudder. "How very brutal and repulsive!" said an elderly matron. And so he was, beyond question. But I could not help thinking that, ugly and repulsive as he was in many ways, yet in some respects he seemed more human than the Australian savages we read about. The Australian black fellows are quite as ugly and repulsive as Chico, but they can talk more, and have better thumbs; so they can be considered as on our side of the line.

Chico was caught in his west African home when a baby, and taken to Lisbon, where he lived with Portuguese keepers for seven or eight

years. He was apparently about four and a half feet in height when he stood erect, and I should say weighed about a hundred and forty pounds. In general appearance he was a black animal, with face, ears, hands, and feet of a dull pinkish-yellow color. His hair was everywhere thin, straight, and black, save on his back, where it was slightly inclined to gray.

Our artist's series of excellent portraits on the opposite page represent his form and characteristic attitudes much better than could any description of mine. In walking he never stood erect on his legs alone, but always used his hands, walking on the outside of the middle joint of his fingers instead of the palm of his hand. He sat down on the carpeted floor of his cage quite like a man, and if he wished anything from his keeper he clapped his hands as a sign,—just as a member of Congress does when he wants a page!

Chico's keeper said he was the most intelligent animal he ever had to do with, and with proper training when younger he might have been taught a great number of things. But even as he was he held a mirror up to human nature in a way that was quite startling. For instance, he loved to look at the reflection of himself in a pan of water. When he looked into a hand-mirror, he often tried to reach behind it to touch the fellow he saw in the glass.

He had no regular meal-times, but was fed whenever he was hungry, like an Eskimo. After he had eaten, he would take a damp rag, carefully wipe his face and hands, and return the cloth to his keeper. If he refused to eat a certain thing, the keeper often persuaded him to do it by saying in Portuguese, "*Esta bueno!*" (it is good).

When he got something in one of his eyes, or a sliver in his finger, he came at once to his keeper, close up to the bars, and patiently sat there to be doctored.

At night, when it was time for him to go to

sleep, he turned down the cover of his bed, got in, drew up the blankets, covered himself up snugly, and went to sleep with his head on a pillow, exactly like a human being.

Chico's temper was by no means angelic, and his great strength caused him justly to be feared. His keeper did not dare to enter his cage, because Chico would not let him out again. When angry he stamped on the floor of his cage, coming down viciously with his heels, quite like a spoiled boy. There was only one thing in the world he was afraid of, and that was an elephant!

As to Chico's strength, one of the stories told seemed so incredible that I refused to believe all of it until it had been corroborated by two eye-witnesses, one of whom was the keeper himself. Shortly after Chico's arrival at the Central Park menagerie, he became enraged about something, tore a half-inch iron bar out of

his cage, and threw the two pieces upon the floor. Knowing the popular doubts that have for years been attached to Paul du Chaillu's gorilla and musket-barrel story, I investigated the story of Chico's iron bar with keen interest, and was finally convinced that it all happened as stated. The keeper showed me the pieces of a trapeze-bar of one and a half inch oak which Chico had also broken a short time previously.

One of Chico's performances greatly amused the crowd. He took a newspaper, sat down tailor-wise on the floor, *with the paper right side up*, and seemed to read it all through. He held it in both hands, read the telegraphic news on the first page, opened it wide, and glanced leisurely and critically through the editorial and local columns. When he had finished he laid the paper down, looked up, and clapped his hands twice.



FATHER SQUIRREL STORING PROVISIONS FOR THE WINTER.



THE TWINS.

BY ANNA B. CRAIG.

SAID Mary to Ned
And his twin brother Fred:
"I surely must learn it by heart,
To tell which is Fred
And which one is Ned;
But I always know Donald apart."

THE "BIRD MAN" OF PARIS.

By J. A. D.

ON any fine afternoon in summer, sauntering through the beautiful Tuileries gardens in Paris,—that city of novel sights,—one may run across an old gentleman, with generally an interested group gathered about him, who has been known familiarly to Parisians for the past twenty years. He spends his time in feeding

their eagerness for their meal; but should a bystander venture to advance in their direction, in a moment the crumbs are deserted and the flock take wing. Then, further to show the confidence the birds have in him, the good-natured old man puts his hands once more into his pockets, draws forth a fresh supply of



"INSTANTLY THE SPARROWS FLY UP AND TAKE THEIR FOOD DIRECTLY FROM HIS HANDS."

the sparrows and pigeons of the city, entirely for his own pleasure and amusement; for certainly he asks no alms, nor has he anything for sale.

Drawing from his coat-pocket a handful of crumbs, he sprinkles them in the path; and instantly, as if the birds had expected him,—and no doubt they do,—the sparrows fly from the near-by trees and flower-beds, and soon thickly cover the ground all about him, greedily picking up the food. They have no fear whatever of the giver, but hop right up to his very feet in

crumbs, and, holding them at his fingers' ends, throws his arms into the air, and instantly the sparrows fly up and take their food directly from his hands.

One cannot easily imagine the amount of patience and perseverance that must have been practised by this good-hearted old gentleman in order so to gain the confidence of such a wary little feathered creature as the ordinary street sparrow, and the sight shown in the accompanying photograph is one long to be remembered.



Drawn by Howard Pyle.

THE STORY OF KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS.*

BY HOWARD PYLE.

CHAPTER XVI.

Now it hath been told how Sir Percival assured Sir Percydes of his intent to assay a cōntest with that evil enchantress, the Lady Vivien.

So Sir Percival and Sir Percydes went over the bridge, where Sir Percydes had been chained to the stone pillar, and they went toward that wonderful enchanted castle. And Sir Percival said to Sir Percydes, "Stay where thou art." And Sir Percydes did so and Sir Percival went forward alone.

Now as he drew nigh to the castle the gate thereof was opened and there came forth thence an extraordinarily beautiful lady surrounded by a court of esquires and pages, all very beautiful of countenance. And this lady and all of her court were clad in red, so that they shone like to a flame of fire. And the lady's hair was as red as gold, and she wore gold ornaments about her neck, so that she glistened exceedingly, and she was very wonderful to behold. And her

eyebrows were very black and fine, and were joined in the middle like two fine lines drawn together with a pencil, and her eyes were narrow and black, shining like those of a snake.

And when Sir Percival beheld this lady he was altogether enchanted with her beauty, so that he could not forbear to approach her. And lo! she stood still and smiled upon him, so that his heart stirred within his bosom like as though it pulled at the strings that held it. And she said to Sir Percival, speaking in a very sweet and gentle voice: "Sir Knight, thou art very welcome to this place. It would please us very greatly if thou wouldst consider this castle as though it were thine own and wouldst abide within it with me for a while." And when she had spoken thus courteously, she smiled again upon Sir Percival more cunningly than before, and she reached toward him her hand.

Then Sir Percival came toward her with intent to take her hand to kiss it, she smiling upon him all the while.

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Now in the other hand this lady held an ebony staff of about an ell in length. And when Sir Percival had come close enough to her, she lifted this staff of a sudden and smote him with it very violently across the shoulders, crying out at the same time, in a voice terribly piercing and shrill, "Be thou a stone!"

Then did that charm that the Lady of the Lake had hung around the neck of Sir Percival stand him in good stead, for, excepting for it, he would that instant have been transformed into a stone. But, as it was, the charm of the sorceress did not work upon him, being prevented by that golden amulet.

But Sir Percival knew very well what the sorceress Vivien had intended to do to him, and he was filled with a great rage of indignation against her. Wherefore he shouted out with a loud voice and seized the enchantress by her long golden hair, and drew her so violently forward that she fell down upon her knees. Then he drew his shining sword with intent to sever her long neck—so slender and white like alabaster. But the lady shrieked with great vehemence of terror and besought him mercy. And when Sir Percival beheld how smooth and beautiful was her skin, and that it was like white satin for softness and for smoothness, and when he heard her voice,—the voice of a woman beseeching mercy,—he could not find heart within him to strike off her head with his sword.

So he bade her to arise, though he still held her by the hair; and the lady stood up, trembling before him.

Then Sir Percival said to her: "If thou wouldst have thy life I command thee to transform back to their own shape all those people whom thou hast bewitched as thou wouldst have bewitched me."

Then the lady said, "It shall be done." Whereupon she smote her hands very violently together, crying out, "All ye who have lost your proper shapes, return thereunto."

Then, lo! upon the instant a great multitude of round stones that lay scattered about became quick, like to eggs; and they moved and stirred as the life entered into them. And they melted away, and, behold! there arose up a great many knights and esquires, and several ladies, to the number of fourscore and eight in all.

And certain other stones became quickened in like manner, and as Percival looked, lo! there stood the horses of those people, all caparisoned as though for travel.

Now when those people who had been thus bewitched beheld the Lady Vivien how Sir Percival held her by the hair of her head, they made great outcry against her for vengeance. But Percival waved his sword before her and said: "Not so! Not so! For this lady is my prisoner, and ye shall not harm her unless ye come at her through me."

Then, when he had thus stilled them, he turned to the Lady Vivien and said: "This is my command that I lay upon thee: that thou shalt go unto the court of King Arthur and shall confess thyself to him, and that thou shalt fulfil whatever penance he may lay upon thee to perform because of thy transgressions. Now wilt thou do this for to save thy life?"

And the Lady Vivien made reply, "All shall be done according to thy command."

Therewith Sir Percival released his hold upon her and she was free.

Then, finding herself to be thus free, she stepped back a pace or two and looked into Sir Percival's face, and she laughed. And she said: "Thou fool, didst thou think that I would do so mad a thing as that which thou hast made me promise? For what mercy could I expect at the hands of King Arthur—I who have destroyed the enchanter Merlin, who was his right adviser? Go to King Arthur thyself and deliver to him thine own messages!"

So saying, in an instant she vanished from the sight of all those who stood there. And with her vanished that castle of crimson and ultramarine and gold; and nothing was left but the bare rocks and the barren plain.

Then, when those who stood there recovered from their great astonishment, they turned to Sir Percival and gave him great worship and thanks without measure, and they said to him, "What shall we do in return for that thou hast saved us from the enchantment of this sorceress?"

And Percival said: "Ye shall do this: ye shall go to the court of King Arthur and tell him how that young knight Percival, whom he made a knight, hath liberated you from the en-

chantment of this sorceress." And they said, "It shall be as thou dost ordain."

But Sir Percydes said: "Wilt thou not come to my castle and rest thyself there for the night? For thou must be a-weary with all thy toil." And Percival said, "I will go with thee." So Sir Percydes and Sir Percival rode away together to the castle of Sir Percydes.

So endeth this marvelous adventure of Sir Percival and Sir Percydes.

CHAPTER XVII.

HOW SIR PERCIVAL MET A CERTAIN VERY FAMOUS KNIGHT IN BATTLE — ALSO HOW HE PUNISHED SIR KAY FOR THE AFFRONT TO THE DAMOISELLE IN QUEEN GUINEVERE'S PAVILION.

Now while Sir Percival and Sir Percydes sat at supper in the castle of Sir Percydes, Sir Percival chanced to lay his hand in love upon the sleeve of Sir Percydes's arm, and that moment Sir Percydes saw the ring upon Sir Percival's finger which the young damoiselle of the pavilion had given unto him in exchange for his ring. And when Sir Percydes saw that ring he cried out in great astonishment and said to Sir Percival, "Where didst thou get that ring?"

Then Sir Percival said, "I will tell thee"; and therewith he told Sir Percydes all that had befallen him when he first came down from the mountain into the world, and how he had entered the yellow pavilion and had discovered the damoiselle who was now his chosen lady. And when Sir Percydes heard that story he laughed in great measure, and then he said, "But how wilt thou find that young damoiselle again when thou hast a mind for to see her once more?" To the which Sir Percival made reply: "I know not how I shall find her; nevertheless I shall assuredly do so. But, indeed, the world is much wider and greater than I had thought it to be when I first came down into it; wherefore I know not how I shall find that lady when the fit time cometh to seek her."

Then Sir Percydes said: "Dear friend, when thou desirest to find that damoiselle to whom belongeth the ring, come thou to me and I

will tell thee where thou mayst find her. But why dost thou not go and find her now?"

And Sir Percival said: "Because I am yet so young and so unknown to the world. For, first of all, I would render myself worthy of her ere I seek her; and to this end I lay this as a vow upon myself: that I shall first overcome one and twenty knights in her honor ere I go to seek her, and one of these I have already overcome, and that is Sir Boinegardus, who offered insult unto the Lady Guinevere."

To this Sir Percydes said: "That will be a great thing to do — to overcome one and twenty knights; but I do believe that thou wilt accomplish that thing in no very great while."

Nor did Sir Percival ask Sir Percydes who that lady was whom he held in his heart, nor what was her name and condition: for he was very reserved in all matters, and asked but few questions that were not direct to his purposes.

When the next morning had come, Sir Percival took leave of Sir Percydes and went his way out into the world again in search of such adventures as he might find therein.

Now the way that Sir Percival took led him by the outskirts of the forest, so that sometimes he would be in the woodland and sometimes he would be in the open country. And about noontide he came to a certain cottage of a neatherd that stood all alone in a very pleasant dale. And a little brook came bickering out from the forest and ran down into this dale and spread out into a little lake, beside which daffydownhillies bloomed in such abundance that it appeared as though all that meadowland was scattered over with an incredible number of yellow stars that had fallen down from out of the sky. And, because of the pleasantness of this place, Sir Percival here dismounted from his horse and sat him down upon a little couch of moss under the shadow of an oak-tree that grew nigh to the cottage, there to rest himself for a while with great pleasure. And as he sat there there came a bare-legged lass from the cottage and brought him fresh milk to drink; and there came a good, comely housewife and brought him a hunch of bread and some cheese made of cream; and Sir Percival ate and drank with great appetite.

Then, when he had satisfied his hunger and thirst, he said: "I prithe tell me, is there any place hereabouts where I may find such adventure as may bring credit to my knight-hood?"

To this replied the goodwife who had served him food: "Yea; if thou wilt go forward a league or more upon this way thou wilt find a certain spur of the forest that runneth out into the level plain. In that forest spur there abideth a knight who hath there taken up his inn for these ten days past and who challenges all comers to contest at arms with him. Already he hath overthrown three knights in these ten days, greatly to their discredit—for he is terribly strong and valiant, and I believe there are very few who may hope to stand against him."

Upon this Sir Percival said: "Meseems that this is a very good adventure for me to undertake, and I give thee gramercy for telling me of it." Whereupon, when he had thanked that goodwife and the lass for the entertainment they had given him, he mounted his horse and went upon his way very joyfully.

Now when he had gone about a league away, as the goodwife had directed him, he came to that spur of the forest of which she had spoken to him.

And it was as she had said touching that knight-challenger. For as Sir Percival drew nigh he was aware of a knight, very large of frame and bold of mien, who came riding out of the forest toward him. And Percival saw that the shield of the knight was much cracked and defaced with many battles; and he saw that his armor likewise was defaced and stained as though with battle. And when that knight drew nigh he cried out to Sir Percival: "Sir Knight, I make demand of thee why thou comest hitherward."

To this Sir Percival made reply: "Messire, I come hither for no other purpose than to meet thee and to have to do with thee. Wherefore I would ask thee to give me the favor of an encounter at arms."

And the knight said: "Messire, it shall be as thou dost ask."

So each knight took such a stand as pleased him; and each dressed his spear and shield and

made him ready for the encounter. And when they had prepared themselves in all ways, each shouted to his horse, and drave spur into its flank, and rushed the one against the other, with such terrible noise and violence that the sound thereof was echoed back from the woods like to a storm of thunder.

So they met in the midst of the course with such a vehement impact that it was terrible to behold. And in that encounter the spear of the knight-challenger held, but the spear of Sir Percival was burst all into fragments; wherefore Sir Percival was overthrown very violently into the dust behind his horse.

But indeed this was no great wonder; for any knight who was young in knighthood as was Sir Percival might easily suffer a like overthrow. And it was affirmed by many that Sir Launcelot himself had been overthrown twice, or even thrice, in the beginning of his adventures ere he found himself fitted to the saddle for such encounter. Wherefore, if it so befell Sir Launcelot of the Lake, it was no wonder, nor was it any shame, that such a mishap should befall even so excellent a knight as Sir Percival of Gales.

But Sir Percival very quickly regained his feet, and drawing his shining sword, he besought that knight very courteously for to come down from his horse and to fight with him afoot.

Unto this the knight-challenger said, "Sir, I would not have to do with you in so serious a fashion as that."

But Sir Percival said: "Messire, I am a very young knight, and as yet unskilled in arms; wherefore I have suffered an overthrow at thy hands. But I hope to be able to redeem myself in another way; wherefore I make demand of thee that thou do presently come down from off thy horse and fight with me afoot."

To this that knight said, "Sir, it shall be as thou dost desire; albeit, when we have ended thou mayst not have so much stomach for battle as thou dost now enjoy."

Thereupon he immediately came down from his horse and drew his sword, and straightway they fell to at that famous battle which was the first that Sir Percival had ever undertaken in his knighthood.

Now the knight with whom Sir Percival was

engaged was none other than Sir Lionel, who, next to Sir Launcelot, his brother, and next to Sir Percival, was one of the greatest knights in all the world and was one very well tried in arms. But Sir Percival was extraordinarily innocent in such matters, and knew not the distinction of one knight from another knight in

utmost courage and constancy to the encounter.

And Sir Lionel was greatly amazed at the strength and determination of that young knight, for no one had ever withstood him before as did this knight. Wherefore a sort of wonder began to take hold of him, and he

was a-doubt, so that he said to himself, "What if it should be that this young, raw knight should overcome me in this battle?" Thereupon he struck with great fury and with all the power that lay in him, and the fire flew in a thousand sparks from Sir Percival's armor.

So they did combat for more than an hour and a half an hour, and in that time the armor of each was stained and all red with the blood that flowed down upon it. Now at the end of that time Sir Lionel's throat was all parched with thirst; wherefore he cried out to Sir Percival, "Sir Knight, stay thy fury for a while!" And at his word Sir Percival rested and leaned upon the pommel of his sword, panting very greatly, while his wounds bled in many places.

Then Sir Lionel said, "Messire, I am athirst, and I crave as a boon of thee that thou wilt permit me to drink at yonder fountain."

And Sir Percival said, "Sir Knight, I shall not stay thee from drinking."

So Sir Lionel laid aside his helmet, and he went to the fountain where it ran down over the

Sir Percival overcometh ye Enchantress Vivien.



Drawn by Howard Pyle.

prowess of arms. Wherefore he fought his battles with all the will that lay in him, and though he suffered many grievous blows and sore wounds, yet did he stand up with the

stones, and he washed the blood from his face and he drank very deeply of the cold water. Therewith he was greatly refreshed and revived in spirit, so that when he came back to that battle again he fought as though with a new heart.

Then, after they had fought awhile longer, Sir Percival found himself to be terribly athirst. Wherefore he said to Sir Lionel, "Messire, I crave of thee a boon, that thou wilt let me also drink a draught from yonder fountain."

Now Sir Lionel perceived that he had upon his hands the greatest battle that he had ever fought. Wherefore he said to himself: "If I let this man drink, haply he will be so greatly refreshed thereby that he will overcome me in the end, and that will be great shame to me, who am so well approved a knight, to be overcome by a raw knight such as this." So he said to Sir Percival, "Sir, let us first finish this battle, and then thou mayst have to drink thy fill."

At this Sir Percival was filled with entire indignation. So he cried out in a great voice: "Ha, thou discourteous knight! Wouldst thou refuse me that favor which I freely granted unto thee?" Therewith such rage took possession of him that he went all blinded and mad. Wherefore he threw down his shield, and, seizing his sword in both hands, he ran upon Sir Lionel and smote him so woeful a blow that he entirely beat down that knight's shield from its defense. And therewith he smote him again, and the sword-blade cut through the helmet of Sir Lionel and wounded him very deeply in the head.

Then the strength all went away from Sir Lionel like to water; his thighs trembled and he sank down upon his knees. Then Sir Percival caught him by the neck and flung him down violently upon the ground. And Sir Percival set his knees upon Sir Lionel's bosom, and he drew his misericordia and set it to Sir Lionel's throat, and he said, "Sir Knight, thou shalt yield to me or else I will slay thee as thou liest here."

Then Sir Lionel spake in a very weak voice, saying, "Sir Knight, I yield me to thee, and beseech thee for to spare my life."

Upon this Sir Percival said, "What is thy

name?" And the other made reply, "It is Sir Lionel, and I am a knight of King Arthur's court and of his Round Table."

Now when Sir Percival heard this he was very greatly grieved, and he said: "Alas! what have I done for to fight against my own brother in knighthood! For I too am a knight created by King Arthur; wherefore it grieves me to the heart to have done such harm to thee as I have done."

Therewith Sir Percival assisted Sir Lionel to arise to his feet. But both knights were so weak from that woeful battle and from all their many hurts that they had received that they could hardly stand. Wherefore they went to a tree that overhung the fountain of water, and after Sir Percival had quenched his thirst they both lay them down for to rest their bodies. Then Sir Lionel turned his eyes very languidly upon Sir Percival and he said, "What is thy name?"

And Sir Percival answered, "It is Percival."

Then Sir Lionel said: "Sir Percival, thou hast done to me this day what no one in all the world hath ever done before. And though I say it who haply should not say it, yet it is truly so that thou shalt have great glory by this battle. Now thou hast overcome me in a fair battle, and I have yielded myself unto thee; wherefore it is now thy right to command me to thy will."

Then Percival said, "Alas, dear Sir Knight! It is not meet that I should lay command upon such as thou. But if thou wilt do so, I beseech thee, when thou art come to the king's court, that thou wilt tell the king that I, who am his young knight, have borne myself not unbecomingly in my first battle. And I beseech thee that thou wilt greet Sir Kay the Senechal from me, and that thou wilt say to him that by and by I shall meet him and shall repay him in full that buffet which he gave to the beautiful young damsel in the queen's pavilion."

And Sir Lionel said, "It shall be as thou dost desire."

So thus it was that Sir Percival fought his first battle with great credit to his knighthood. And after that day, and for several days, he lodged at a monastery of monks that was not

very far from that place. And he remained with those monks until he was entirely cured of his hurt.

Now after that time Sir Percival did his endeavor many times in the same manner, and each time he overcame the knight against whom he contended, whether it was in a friendly or in a serious bout at arms. And every time he overcame a knight in that manner he would command him to the court of King Arthur to make announcement of what he had done. And each knight he bade for to bear that message to Sir Kay—that by and by he would repay him in full measure that buffet he gave to the beautiful young damoiselle in the queen's pavilion. And when Sir Kay found what a worthy knight he had become he was very uneasy in his mind because of that reminder of his discourtesy.

So the fame of Sir Percival was presently spread very widely through all those parts, and all men talked of him and his doings.

So by the time that the spring and the summer and the autumn had passed and the winter had come, Sir Percival had overthrown eighteen knights besides Sir Boindegardus and Sir Lionel, and all these knights he had sent, as aforesaid, to King Arthur's court to avouch for him. And besides these knights he had slain a wild boar that was a terror unto all who dwelt nigh to the Forest of Umber, and he had also slain a very savage wolf that infested the moors of the Dart. So now there remained but one knight more for him to overcome ere he should be relieved of his pledge and should be able to seek that lady of the yellow pavilion unto whom he had pledged his troth.

Now one day, toward eventide of a very cold winter season, Sir Percival came to a hermit's hut in the heart of the Forest of Usk, and it was the same hermit with whom King Arthur and Sir Pellias had taken harborage when they had been so sorely wounded. And Sir Percival abode all that night with that hermit; and when the morning had come he went out and stood in front of the hut.

Now it had befallen that there had come snow during the night. And it likewise had befallen that a hawk had struck a raven in

front of the hermit's habitation, and that some of the raven's feathers and that some of its blood lay upon the snow.

And Sir Percival saw the blood and the black feathers upon that white, and he said to himself, "Behold! that snow is not whiter than the brow and the neck of my lady; and that red is not redder than her lips; and that black is not blacker than her hair." And therewith the thought of that lady took such great hold upon him that he sighed so deeply that he felt his heart lifted within him because of that sigh. And so he stood and gazed upon that white and red and black, and he forgot all things else in the world than his lady-love.

Now it befell at that time that there came a party riding through those parts, and that party were Sir Gawaine and Sir Geraint and Sir Kay. And when they saw Sir Percival where he stood leaning against a tree and looking down upon the ground in deep meditation, Sir Kay said: "Who is yonder knight?" (For he wist not that that knight was the same youth who had come into the queen's pavilion clad in armor of wattled willow.) And Sir Kay said further, "I will go and bespeak that knight and ask him who he is."

But Sir Gawaine perceived that Sir Percival was altogether sunk in deep thought, wherefore he said: "Nay; thou wilt do ill to disturb that knight; for either he hath some weighty matter upon his mind, or else he is bethinking him of his lady, and in either case it would be a pity to disturb him until he arouses himself."

Unto this Sir Kay made reply, "Ha! who could any knight be that would dare not to observe such noble knights of high degree as we be?" So Sir Kay went to where Sir Percival stood, and Sir Percival was altogether unaware of his coming, being so deeply sunk in his thoughts. And Sir Kay said, "Sir Knight," but Sir Percival did not hear him. And Sir Kay said, "Sir Knight, who art thou?" But still Sir Percival did not reply. Then Sir Kay said, "Sir Knight, thou shalt answer me!" And therewith he caught Sir Percival by the arm and shook him very strongly.

Then Sir Percival aroused himself, and was filled with indignation that any one should have laid rough hands upon his person. And he

saw that there was a tall knight clad in full armor who shook him by the arm; but he did not know Sir Kay because Sir Kay wore a basinet with an armor of chain that covered his cheeks and his chin. Then Sir Percival said:

"Ha, sirrah! wouldst thou lay hands upon me?" And therewith and in haste and without thought he raised his hand and smote Sir Kay so terrible a buffet beside the head that Sir Kay instantly fell down as though he were dead and lay without sense of motion upon the ground. Then Sir Percival perceived that there were two other knights standing not far off, and therewith his senses came back to him again, and he was aware of what he had done in his anger, and was very sorry and ashamed that he should have been so hasty as to have struck that blow.

Then Sir Gawaine came to Sir Percival and spake sternly to him, saying: "Sir Knight, why didst thou strike my companion so unknighly a blow as that?"

And Sir Percival said: "Messire, it grieves me sorely that I should have been so hasty, but I was be-thinking me of my lady, and this knight disturbed my thoughts; wherefore I smote him in haste."

To this Sir Gawaine made reply: "Sir, I perceive that thou hadst great excuse for thy

blow. Ne'theless I am displeased that thou shouldst have struck that knight. Now I make demand of thee, what is thy name and condition?"

And Sir Percival said: "My name is Percival,



ir Kay interrupts ye meditations of Sir Percival:



Drawn by Howard Pyle.

and I am a knight late of King Arthur's making."

Now when Sir Gawaine and Sir Geraint heard what Sir Percival said, they cried out in great amazement; and Sir Gawaine said: "Ha,

Sir Percival! this is indeed well met, for my name is Gawaine, and I am a nephew unto King Arthur and am of his court; and this knight is Sir Geraint, and he also is of King Arthur's court and of his Round Table. And we all have been in search of thee for this long time for to bring thee unto King Arthur at Camelot. For thy renown is now spread over all this realm, so they talk of thee in every court of chivalry."

And Sir Percival said: "That is good news for me. But, touching the matter of returning unto King Arthur's court with you, unto that I crave leave to give my excuses, for I must first betake me to my lady, for to claim her approval of what I have done; for this knight whom I have struck in my haste makes the twenty-first whom I have overthrown since I left her."

Now by this time Sir Kay had half arisen from where he had fallen, so that when Sir Gawaine heard the words that Sir Percival had said, he fell a-laughing beyond all measure; and by and by he said: "Sir Percival, this is one to whom thou dost owe a great debt of vengeance; yet that blow which thou gavest him will very well repay a certain buffet that he gave to a young damoiselle in thy presence. For this is Sir Kay the Seneschal."

Upon this Sir Percival exclaimed in great astonishment and he said: "How wonderful it is that I should unwittingly have repaid that affront with another affront of the same sort. And how wonderful it is that this knight whom I have thus overthrown with my naked hand should have been the twentieth and first of those whom I have cast down. For now, through him, I have been able to complete my vow, and I am now free for to go to find that lady of whom I was thinking just now."

And Sir Gawaine said: "Who is she?" And Sir Percival said, "I know not as yet, but I believe that she is the daughter of a king."

Then Sir Gawaine said to him: "It is necessary for thee to come to the court of King Arthur as soon as possible, for such are King Arthur's commands. But, according to all rules of chivalry, thou must first keep thy obligations to thy lady; for that obligation is superior even to the commands of the king."

But all this while Sir Kay was very much

cast down and abashed, and he could find no words to speak for himself.

So those knights abode together until they had broken their fast, and then Sir Gawaine and Sir Geraint and Sir Kay returned to the court of King Arthur, and Sir Percival went his way in quest of that lady unto whom he had vowed his fealty.

And now you shall hear how Sir Percival found that lady once more.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOW SIR PERCIVAL WENT TO SIR PERCYDES, AND HOW SIR PERCYDES TOLD HIM WHERE HE SHOULD FIND THE LADY OF HIS FAITH — ALSO HOW SIR PERCIVAL FARED IN HIS QUEST.

So when Sir Percival had parted from Sir Gawaine and Sir Kay and Sir Geraint, he went his way in that direction he wist, and by and by, toward eventide, he came again to the castle of Sir Percydes. And Sir Percydes was at home, and he welcomed Sir Percival with great joy and congratulations. For the fame of Sir Percival was now abroad in all the world, so that Sir Percydes gave him great acclaim therefor.

So Sir Percival sat down with Sir Percydes, and they ate and drank together, and for the time Sir Percival said nothing of that which was upon his heart; for, as aforesaid, he was of a very reserved nature and was in no wise hasty in his speech.

But after they had satisfied themselves with food and drink, then Sir Percival spake to Sir Percydes of that which was upon his mind, saying: "Dear friend, thou didst tell me that when I was ready for to come to thee with a certain intent, thou wouldst tell me who is the lady whose ring I wear and where I shall find her. Now I believe that I am a great deal more worthy for to be her knight than I was when I first saw thee; wherefore I am now come to beseech thee to redeem thy promise to me. Now tell me, I beg of thee, who is that lady and where does she dwell?"

Then Sir Percydes said: "Friend, I will declare to thee that which thou dost ask of me. Firstly, that lady is mine own sister, named Yvette, and she is the daughter of King

Pecheur; secondly, thou shalt find her at the castle of my father, which standeth upon the west coast of this land. Nor shalt thou have any difficulty in finding that castle, for thou mayst easily find it by inquiring the way of those whom thou mayst meet in that region. But, indeed, it hath been several years since I have seen my father and my sister, and I know not how it is with them; for when last I saw my sister she was but a small child."

Then Sir Percival came to Sir Percydes, and he put his arm about him and he kissed him upon either cheek, and he said: "Should I obtain the kind regard of that lady, I know of nothing that would more rejoice me than to know that thou art her brother. For, indeed, I entertain a great deal of love for thee."

Then Sir Percydes laughed for joy and he said, "Percival, wilt thou not tell me of what house thou art come?"

And Percival said: "I will tell thee what thou dost desire. My father is King Pellinore, who is a very good, noble knight of the court of King Arthur."

Then Sir Percydes cried out with great amazement and he said: "That is very marvelous! I would that I had known this before, for thy mother and my mother are sisters. So we are cousins german."

Then Sir Percival said, "This is great joy to me!" And his heart was expanded with pleasure at finding that Sir Percydes was of his kindred and that he was no longer alone in the world.

So Sir Percival abided for two days with Sir Percydes, and then he betook his way to the westward in pursuance of that adventure. And he was upon the road three days, and upon the morning of the fourth day he came, through diligent inquiry, within sight of the castle of King Pecheur. And the castle of King Pecheur stood upon a high crag of rock, from which it rose against the sky, so that it looked to be a part of that crag of rock. And it was a very noble and stately castle, having many tall towers and many buildings within the walls thereof. And a village of white houses of the fisher-folk gathered upon the rocks beneath the castle walls, like chicks beneath the shadow of their mother's wings.

And, behold, Percival saw the great sea for the first time in all his life, and he was filled with wonder at the huge waves that ran toward the shore and burst upon the rocks, all white like the snow. And he was amazed at the multitude of sea fowl that flew about the rocks in such prodigious numbers that they darkened the sky. And he was filled with amazement at the fisher-folk that spread their white sails against the wind and floated upon the water like swans. Wherefore he sat his horse upon a high rock nigh to the sea and gazed his fill upon those things that were so wonderful to him.

Then after a while Sir Percival went forward to the castle. And as he drew nigh to the castle he became aware that a very reverend man, whose hair and beard were as white as snow, sat upon a cushion of crimson velvet upon a rock that overlooked the sea; and two pages, richly clad in black and silver, stood behind him. And the old man gazed out across the sea, and Sir Percival saw that he neither spake nor moved. But when Sir Percival came near to him the old man arose and went into the castle, and the two pages took up the crimson velvet cushion and followed him.

But Percival rode up to the castle, and he saw that the gateway of the castle stood open, wherefore he rode into the courtyard of the castle. And when he had come into the courtyard, two attendants immediately appeared and took his horse and assisted him to dismount; but neither of these attendants said aught to him, but both were as silent as deaf-mutes.

Then Percival entered the hall, and there he saw the old man whom he had before seen, and the old man sat in a great carved chair beside a fire of large logs of wood. And Sir Percival saw that the eyes of the old man were all red and that his cheeks were channeled with weeping; and Percival was abashed at the sadness of his aspect. Ne'theless he came to where the old man sat, and saluted him with great reverence, and he said, "Art thou King Pecheur?" And the old man answered, "Ay, for I am both a fisher and a sinner" (for that word Pecheur meaneth both fisher and sinner).

Then Sir Percival said: "Sire, I bring thee greetings from thy son Sir Percydes, who is a

very dear friend to me. And likewise I bring thee greetings from myself; for I am Percival, King Pellinore his son, and thy queen and my mother are sisters. And likewise I come to redeem a pledge; for, behold, here is the ring of measure, and he said: "Percival, thy fame hath reached even to this remote place, for every one talketh of thee with great unction. But, touching my daughter Yvette, if thou wilt come with me I will bring thee to her."



he Lady Yvette the Fair.



Drawn by Howard Pyle.

thy daughter Yvette, unto whom I am pledged for her true knight. Wherefore, having now achieved a not dishonorable renown in the world of chivalry, I am come to beseech her kindness, and to redeem my ring which she hath upon her finger, and to give her back her ring again."

Then King Pecheur fell to weeping in great

So King Pecheur arose and went forth, and Sir Percival followed him. And King Pecheur brought Sir Percival to a certain tower; and he brought him up a long and winding stair; and at the top of the stairway was a door. And King Pecheur opened the door, and Sir Percival entered the apartment. And the windows of the apartment stood open, and a cold wind came in thereat from off the sea. And there stood a couch in the middle of the room, and it was spread with black velvet. And the Lady Yvette lay reclined upon the couch, and lo! her face was like to wax for whiteness, and she neither moved nor spake, but only lay there perfectly still—for she was dead.

And seven waxen candles burned at her head, and seven others at her feet, and the flames of the candles spread and wavered as the cold wind blew upon them. And the hair of her head (as black as those raven feathers that Sir Percival had beheld lying upon the snow) moved like threads of black silk as the wind blew in through the window; and the Lady Yvette moved not nor stirred, but lay like a statue of marble, all clad in white.

And, for the first, Sir Percival stood very still

at the doorway, as though he had, of a sudden, been turned into stone. And then he went forward and stood beside the couch and held his hands very tightly together and gazed at the Lady Yvette where she lay. And so he stood for a long while, and he wist not why it was that he felt like as though he had been turned into a stone, without such grief at his heart as he had thought to feel thereat.

For, indeed, his spirit was altogether broken, though he knew it not. Then he spake unto that still figure, and he said: "Dear lady, is it thus I find thee after all this long endeavor of mine? Yet from Paradise haply thou mayst perceive all that I have accomplished in thy behalf. So shalt thou be my lady always to the end of my life, and I will have none other than thee. Wherefore I herewith give thee thy ring again, and take mine own in its stead." Therewith, so speaking, he lifted that hand (all so cold like the snow) and took his ring from off her finger and put her ring back upon it again.

Then King Pecheur said, "Percival, hast thou no tears?"

And Percival said, "Nay, I have not."

Therewith he turned and left that place, and King Pecheur went with him. And Sir Percival abode in that place for three days, and King Pecheur and his lady queen and their two young sons who dwelt at that place made great pity over Sir Percival, and they wept a great deal. But Sir Percival said but little in reply, and wept not at all.

And now I shall tell you of that wonderful vision that came unto Sir Percival at this place upon Christmas day.

On the third day (which was Christmas day) it chanced that Sir Percival sat alone in the hall of the castle, and he meditated upon the great sorrow that lay upon him. And as he sat thus this very wonderful thing befell him: He suddenly beheld two youths enter that hall, and the faces of the two youths shone with exceeding brightness, and their hair shone like gold, and their raiment was very bright and glistening like to gold. And one of these youths bare in his hand a spear of mighty size, and blood dropped from the point of the spear; and the other youth bare in his hand a chalice of

pure gold, very wonderful to behold, and he held the chalice in a napkin of fine cambric linen.

And at first Sir Percival thought that that which he beheld was a vision conjured up by the deep sorrow that filled his heart, and he was afeard. But the youth who bare the chalice spake, and his voice was extraordinarily high and clear; and he said: "Percival, Percival, be not afraid! That which thou here beholdst is the sangreal; and that is the spear of sorrow. What, then, may thy sorrow be in the presence of these holy things that brought with them such great sorrow and affliction of soul that they have become entirely sanctified thereby? So, Percival, should thy sorrow so sanctify thy life and not make it bitter to thy taste. For so did this bitter cup become sanctified by the great sorrow that tasted of it."

And Percival said, "Are these things real or is this a vision that I behold?"

And he who bare the chalice said, "They are real." And he who bare the spear said, "They are real."

Then a great peace and comfort came to Sir Percival's heart, and they never left him to the day of his death.

Then they who bare the sangreal and the spear went out of the hall, and Sir Percival knelt there for a while after they had gone, and prayed with great devotion and with much comfort and satisfaction.

And this was the first time that any of those knights that were of King Arthur's Round Table ever beheld that holy chalice, the which Sir Percival was one of three to achieve in after years.

So when Sir Percival came forth from that hall, all those who beheld him were astonished at the great peace and calmness that appeared to emanate from him. But he told no one of that miraculous vision which he had just beheld, and though it appeareth in the history of these things, yet it was not then made manifest.

Then Sir Percival said to King Pecheur, his uncle, and to his aunt and to their sons: "Now, dear friend, the time hath come when I must leave you. For I must now presently go to the court of King Arthur in obedience to his commands and for to acknowledge myself unto my father."

So that day Sir Percival set forth with intent to go to Camelot, where King Arthur was then holding court in great estate of pomp. And Sir Percival reached Camelot upon the fourth day from that time, and that was during the feasts of Christmas-tide.

Now King Arthur sat at those feasts, and there were sixscore of very noble company seated with him. And the king's heart was greatly uplifted and expanded with mirth and good cheer. And while all were feasting with great concord there suddenly came into that hall an herald-messenger; of whom, when King Arthur beheld him, the king asked what message he brought. Upon this the herald-messenger said: "Lord, there hath come one asking permission to enter here whom you will be very well pleased to see." And the king said, "Who is it?" And the herald-messenger said, "He said his name is Percival."

Upon this King Arthur arose from where he sat, and all the others uprose with him, and there was a great sound of loud voices; for the fame of Sir Percival had waxed very great since he had begun his adventures. And King Arthur and others went down the hall for to meet Sir Percival.

Then the door opened, and Sir Percival came into that place, and his face shone very bright with peace and good will; and he was exceedingly comely.

Then King Arthur said, "Art thou Percival?" And Percival said, "I am he."

Then King Arthur took Sir Percival's head into his hands, and he kissed him upon the brow. And Sir Percival kissed King Arthur's hand, and he kissed the ring of royalty upon the king's finger, and so he became a true knight in fealty unto King Arthur.

Then Sir Percival said, "Lord, have I thy leave to speak?"

And King Arthur said, "Say on."

And Sir Percival said, "Where is King Pellinore?"

And King Arthur said, "Yonder he is."

Then Sir Percival perceived where King Pellinore sat among the others, and he went to King Pellinore and knelt down before him. And Sir Pellinore was very much astonished, and

he said, "Why dost thou kneel to me, Percival?" Then Sir Percival said, "Dost thou know this ring?"

Then King Pellinore cried out in a loud voice, "That is my ring; how came ye by it?"

And Percival said, "My mother gave it to me; for I am thy son."

Upon this Sir Pellinore cried out with great passion; and he flung his arms about Sir Percival, and he kissed him repeatedly upon the face. And so ardent was the great love and the great passion that moved him that all those who stood about could in no wise contain themselves, but wept aloud at that which they beheld.

Then, after a while, King Arthur said, "Percival, come with me, for I have somewhat to show thee."

So King Arthur and King Pellinore and Sir Percival and several others went unto that pavilion which was the pavilion of the Round Table, and there King Arthur showed Sir Percival a seat which was immediately upon the right hand of the seat Perilous. And upon the back of that seat there was a name emblazoned in letters of gold, and the name was this:

PERCIVAL OF GALES.

Then King Arthur said: "Behold, Sir Percival, this is thy seat, for four days ago that name appeared most miraculously, of a sudden, where thou seest it. Wherefore that seat is thine."

Then Sir Percival was aware that that name had manifested itself at the time when the sangreal had appeared unto him in the castle of King Pecheur, and he was moved with a great passion of love and longing for the Lady Yvette; so that, because of the strength of that passion, it took upon it the semblance of a terrible joy. And he said to himself: "If my lady, haply, could but have beheld these, how proud would she have been!"

But he held his peace and said naught to any one of those thoughts that disturbed him.

So endeth this story of Sir Percival, with only this to say: that he and his father brought his lady mother down into the world again, and that thereafter they were all exceedingly happy in being together, united into one family.

And Sir Percival lived unmarried, as he had vowed to do, for all of his life; for he never paid court to any lady from that time, but ever held within the sanctuary of his mind the image of that dear Lady Yvette to whom he had been betrothed.

So part I from you after this year in which I have told you, to the best of my power, the his-

tory of King Arthur and of sundry of his knights unto this time; and if so be they make you think that it is worth while to live a brave and true and virtuous life, doing good to those about you, and denying yourselves all those desires which would be ill for others and for yourselves for to yield to, then that which I have written hath not been written amiss.

Farewell.

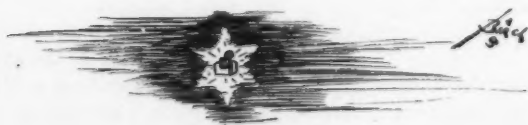
THE END.

THE SCHOLARLY PORCUPINE.



BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

Said a scholarly old porcupine,
 "It's most absurd, I think,
 To go through life with all these quills
 And never a drop of ink."



THE WEATHER HERALDS.



THE HERALD OF HOT WEATHER.



THE HERALD OF RAINY WEATHER.



THE HERALD OF COLD WEATHER.

THE FLYCYCLE. AN AUTUMN FANTASY

By SARA BLISS THRESHER.



"HIS SCHOOLMATES NOW EAGERLY FOLLOWED HIS TRACKS,
CLIMBED UP TO THE WINDOW, AND PEEPED THROUGH THE CRACKS."

"JIMMY JENKINS, why is it you 're idle of late?
Come show to me now what you have on your
slate.

Dear me! Not a single example is worked!
It's really disgraceful the way you have shirked.
You don't come to school to make pictures of
things
So silly as bicycles flying with wings."

The boy hung his head with a mortified mien,
But faltered, "That picture 's a flying-machine

I 'm making. 'T will go on the telegraph
wires,
Which run in the grooves where you fasten
the tires.
I shall use father's cycle, the old-fashioned
kind,
With a big wheel in front and a small one
behind."

Excited and breathless, our poor Jimmy gazed
Up into the teacher's grave face, but, amazed,



"THE GESE, WITH LOUD CACKLINGS, JOINED IN AS HE FLED."

Saw only displeasure and ridicule there,
And heard, as he sadly returned to his chair:
"Darius Green surely would laugh at your
slate,
To see his own foolishness brought up to
date."
But genius is never discouraged so soon,
And gladly the boy went to work that same
noon.

The stable once reached and the oaken door
locked,
What matter how rudely the rabble had
mocked?
His schoolmates now eagerly followed his
tracks,
Climbed up to the window, and peeped
through the cracks.

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With feathers, wires, sticks all around on the
floor,
Unmindful he worked. Some one knocked at
the door;
His father called sternly: "The pigs are not
fed;
Your mother is waiting for wood from the shed;
The horse is not watered; the turkeys have
strayed;
The chickens are starving; you are, I'm afraid,
A goose for your pains." But Jim's mother
drew near,
And pronounced him "a wonderful genius, the
dear!"

The flycycle now was completed at last;
Each feather was glued and each rivet made
fast,

And soon it was noised through the village
around
A genius of mark in their midst had been found.
So, when the time came to display the machine,
The people in crowds came out on the green.

A shout of derision went up from the boys;
The people all laughed, and the geese made
a noise;
While the teacher severely remarked: "As
a rule,
A boy's no account who is idle in school."



"THE LIGHTNING EXPRESS, AS IT CAME ON BELOW,
TO THIS MODE OF TRAVEL SEEMED SLUGGISH AND SLOW."

Some mocked, and all doubted, but waited
with glee,
For *something* would happen, they plainly
could see.
"I'll show them," declared clever Jimmy, with
pride,
"How fast an inventive young Yankee can
ride!"
A bow to the crowd, and he sprang to his seat,
And headed the flycycle up the main street.

For a moment it wobbled and then gave a
bound,
And then with a crash fell plump on the ground,

Our hero, undaunted, soon mounted again,
More cautiously started the pedals, and then
He spread out his wings as he'd seen the
geese do,
And up like a streak o'er the village he flew.
Aloft o'er the heads of the wondering crowd
The flycycle rose; and they shouted aloud.
"Hi, hi, hip hooray for Jimmy!" they cried,
For his wondrous success caused a turn in
the tide.

As soars the great eagle, Jim rose through
the air;
The wheels were adjusted with accurate care

To telegraph wires, and along them he sped.
The geese, with loud cacklings, joined in as
he fled.

The lightning express, as it came on below,
To this mode of travel seemed sluggish and
slow.

Men's figures looked smaller, their cheers
became faint,

As on the boy sped without check or restraint.

Companion of birds, from all duties set free,
He laughed and he shouted, exulting with glee.
Still harder his feet to the pedals he bent,
And faster and faster each moment he went.
As riders vault hurdles, the cross-bars he
cleared,

The dogs loudly barked, while the children
all cheered.

How the journey might end Jim did not reflect,
But soon came a chance he did not expect :
A telegraph pole had been blown to the
ground,

And down the slack wire he came with a bound;
With a thump and a crash he was spilled on
the earth —

And scarcely presented a subject for mirth.

A moment, quite stunned, by the roadside
he lay ;

Then looked for his hat, which had rolled
far away.

He rubbed his poor head with a sorry
grimace,
And wiped the salt tears and the mud from
his face.

The daylight was fading low down in the
sky,

The owls and the bats were beginning to
fly ;

He thought of the supper his mother would
spread,

And longed for repose in his own humble
bed.

So, quickly again to his cycle he turned ;
He was tired — and no longer for glory he
yearned.

But alas for his wings and that bicycle bold !
The whole grand machine was a sight to
behold.

There was scarcely a feather or spoke in its
place,

And Jimmy turned homeward *on foot* in dis-
grace.

That night, in his bed, Jimmy made up his
mind

That, maybe, somewhere in his lessons he'd
find

A little more knowledge that useful would be
In future inventions ; for Jim, don't you see,
Was not for a moment discouraged — not he !

HUNTING WEATHER.

BY MARY AUSTIN.

WHEN misty, misty mornings come,
When wild geese low are flying,
And down along the reedy marsh
The mallard drakes are crying ;
When cattle leave the highest hills,
And blackbirds flock together —
By all these signs the hunter knows
Has come good hunting weather.

COUNTING.

BY C. K. WEAD.

CAN you count? Of course you can rattle off a string of numbers, one, two, three, four, etc.; but can you count a lot of things and count them twice alike? If you can, it is more than most people can do. For, easy as it is to say the numbers, it is so hard to keep the mind steadily on the task that one is very likely to "lose the count." So ingenious people have invented all sorts of contrivances to help in this very necessary and very tedious work of counting; and doubtless bright folks are constantly re-inventing some of these helps. They are the more necessary if the count is to continue for a long time.

Some of the simplest helps are: to take out a token or tally for each thing to be counted, as a lump of coal or a potato for each basketful carried into the house; to tie a knot in a string for each article to be counted, or to cut a notch, as the savage does on his weapon for each animal or enemy he has killed; to drive a nail, as the Romans kept count of years by driving one annually in the temple of Minerva; to make a mark for each item, grouping the marks by fives, or spacing them as the Phenicians did. In all these cases the memory is relieved from carrying the count through perhaps hours or days; and for the counting of the original things there is substituted a quick count of the same number of tallies or marks.

Another simple help is to collect the objects into uniform groups, and count the number of groups; then, of course, we have to multiply the number of groups by the number of objects in each group. Thus the grocer, instead of counting out twelve eggs, will pick up twice from the basket three eggs in each hand; a boy counting his money will divide it into equal piles, as 25 cents in each; the bank teller keeps his bills in packages and his coin in bags of \$100, \$500, \$1000, etc. A lot of coins just alike are sometimes counted by taking a board with, say, 100 holes or pockets, each just large enough for one coin, and brushing a handful of coins over the

board so as to fill all the holes, and repeating the operation till all the coins are counted. Postage-stamps are sold in sheets of 100, and envelopes in packs of 25, counted by machinery. Very rapid sounds may be counted in this way. Thus by grouping in his mind into fours the rapid sounds called "beats," and calling out once for each group, a musical friend counted beats as fast as sixteen in a second. The squares on an engineer's "section-paper," or the designer's "point-paper," or the worsted-worker's canvas are grouped by colored lines; and on a foot-rule the uniformity of fine lines is broken by making them of different lengths.

When the objects are in motion it is very easy to make a mistake. Suppose a line of men marches by, one man passing you every five seconds, and you begin to count them, one, two, three, etc.; when half a minute is up you will be saying seven, at the end of a minute, thirteen, of two minutes, twenty-five; so it will not do to divide the whole number of men passing by the time, unless you begin naught, one, two; in other words, the number to be divided is the difference between the numbers called at the end and beginning of the time — in this case, six, twelve, twenty-four.

This kind of mistake is so common that it is not usual to find in physical laboratory work a boy who can count correctly the numbers of swings of a pendulum in, say, a minute; he will generally get the number one too great.

When a lot of things close together are to be counted, some means must be taken to insure counting them all and to avoid counting any twice. So the man who buys ties for a railroad puts a mark of red chalk or paint on the end of each tie when he counts it, as everybody who rides on the cars has seen. In the British Parliament, when a vote is taken, the members present go out into the lobby and then pass back into the hall, those voting "Ay" through one gate, and those voting "No" through another gate, and as they pass through they are

counted by tellers. Similarly in our Congress some votes are taken by having the members pass by tellers.

Besides these simple helps to counting, there are many ingenious mechanical devices in use. Perhaps the most familiar of these is the fare-register seen in street-cars, on which a pointer moves one division over a dial every time a fare is rung up. Very similar in principle are the counters used on printing-presses to tell how many papers are printed, though the papers come off faster than a person can count them; and the little counters look something like a watch, that one may use, say, to count the number of lines of men that pass in a procession. The voting-machines used in some cities at the last election are in principle counting-machines, and so are the devices for packaging envelopes and so forth.

The cyclometer on your bicycle differs in principle from these instruments only in having the dial divided so as to give, not the number of turns the wheel makes (which you do not care to know), but the number of turns multiplied by the circumference of the wheel and the product reduced to miles; so a cyclometer made correctly for a 26-inch wheel, if used on a 24-inch wheel, would read twenty-six miles when you had gone only twenty-four miles. Similarly a pedometer really counts the number of one's steps, but, if properly adjusted for length of step, the dial will give in miles the distance one walks. This story is told of a man walking a long distance on a wager: at one time he got considerably ahead of his watchers, who were following him in a carriage; when they found him he was in a hotel, dancing, and, according to his pedometer, he had traveled many more miles than they had done. If you wish to have any instrument tell the truth you must treat it fairly.

A clock or watch is in fact a counter of the swings of the pendulum or balance-wheel. During one day these swings number not less than 86,400 (except in tower clocks), and in what is known as a "railroad watch" they number five times as many. But nobody cares to know how many swings happen to have been made since noon or midnight: we want them grouped into seconds, minutes, and hours; so

the wheelwork and dials are made to perform this grouping and reduction. The "fork-clock" of the Paris instrument-maker Koenig has, instead of a pendulum, a tuning-fork which makes 512 single vibrations in a second!

The most striking application of machinery to the purposes of counting is in the electrical machines used in the census office. In the last census, thousands of enumerators all over the country were busy writing down on large sheets of paper the names of all the people in the United States, their age, color, sex, place of birth, occupation, etc. If the only thing wanted were the number of people in the country, it would be enough to count the names on all these sheets and add them together. But the census experts wished to find out perhaps a thousand other things: as how many native-born white men there are aged twenty, twenty-five, etc.; how many foreign-born white men there are of these ages; similarly for women and colored people; then there are the questions of place of birth, occupation, etc., to be answered, as how many Texans were born in Ohio. Now imagine that all the people in the United States could march in a few months before a thousand officials, each one of whom counted only the people of one particular class or description, as white males, white females, white carpenters, Italian girls ten years old, negro farmers, etc.; then there would be obtained the various facts for which the census is taken.

The practical operation of the census gives the same results as this imaginary operation. It comes about in this way: For each one of the 77,000,000 people of the country a card a little larger than a postal-card is prepared, containing all the information on the enumerator's sheets except the name, a number being used instead. This information is expressed by punching holes in certain places: thus a hole in one place means "white," another "male," another "35 years," another "blacksmith," and so on.

These millions of punched cards represent one by one the individuals of the nation, and they may be passed before the eyes of the supposed thousand officials, each of whom is to note his special facts. Going a step farther

in simplifying the work, instead of the official counters mechanical counters may be substituted; and instead of trying to use a thousand at once, a smaller number may be used, and the cards be gone over several times. The machine will pick out the facts it is told to pick out, and no others.

The apparent intelligence of the machine may be explained thus: when the card is put into the machine, some two hundred and fifty spring needles are brought down on it; wherever there is a hole one needle goes through and down into a drop of mercury, and so closes an electric circuit and causes the pointer on a counter to move forward one number. Thus, as many of the items on the card can be counted at once as the operator finds desirable; then another card is

put in the machine and the same items are counted if they are on it. Besides this, the machine can be arranged to count several items in combination, as native-born white male doctors; and it is intelligent enough to ring a bell and refuse to count if the card is not put in properly, or is punched to read widower aged ten years, woman aged twelve, female blacksmith, or any other of a score of improbabilities or impossibilities.

What a long road it has been from the savage counting that runs only to four, up to these machines that have the patience of material things and an intelligence that seems almost human, and a capacity and rapidity of work that far exceeds anything that man can do without mechanical helps!

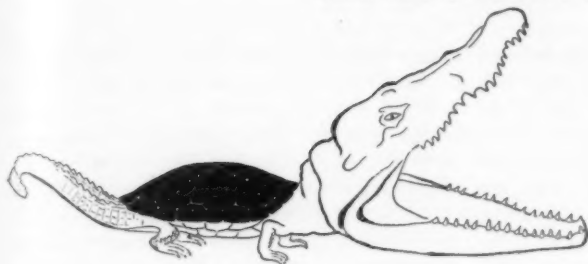


A little man in a suit of mail got on a hobby-horse
And said to the children watching him, with dignity and force,
"This is the way the knights so bold
Rode in the good old days of old;
Only, if all of you laugh like that, I can't look fierce, of course!"

UNNATURAL HISTORY.

BY ALICE BROWN.

THE ALLIGATORTOISE.



THE Alligatortoise goes yawning about.

He is very much bored, there 's no manner of doubt.

But still, do you see, it may very well be

Something *might* wander in that might *not* wander out!

THE TOUCANTELOPE.

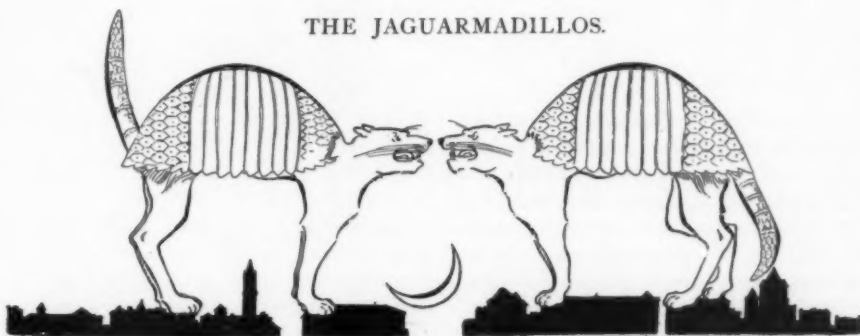
THE Toucantelope feeds on the Pteracle tree,
Which no one, as yet, has been able to see.

It has neither fruit nor leaf, trunk nor root;

Yet it suits the Toucantelope to a degree.



THE JAGUARMADILLOS.



Two Jaguarmadillos, renowned in debate,
Came out to talk over some questions of state.

Said each, "My dear sir, now would you prefer
To be torn into tatters at once, or to wait?"

QUEEN WILHELMINA'S LESSONS.

(From particulars obtained by the author directly from one of the queen's former teachers.)

By ANNIE C. KUIPER.

THERE is a story about Queen Wilhelmina having been naughty one day when she was a little princess of six or seven years. She would not give way; she wished to follow her own little head and to do exactly as she liked, and not as her governess wished her to. But her anger and her indignant tears were of no avail.



Photograph by Kameke.

QUEEN WILHELMINA AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN.

Her mother and her governess — of the latter, too, she was very fond — quietly showed her that they were not going to be indulgent; and the little princess, who knew she would be a queen one day, lost all self-control and passionately cried out: "If my people only knew how I am being treated here! They would — they would —"

She did not finish the sentence, but the outburst evidently gave some relief to her feelings, for it was not long before her anger calmed down and she became her bright little self again, for a very bright and sunshiny little maiden

Queen Wilhelmina was from her birth, and exceedingly rare were those fits of naughtiness without which she would indeed hardly have seemed a "real" child. Her English governess, Miss Saxton Winter, and all the teachers she had — a good many — were delighted with her as a pupil, and, without exception, praise her quick intellect, her warm interest even in dry particulars of state affairs, her eager questioning (especially where the history of her country was concerned), and her bright sense of humor.

With unceasing devotion and zeal, Queen Wilhelmina's brave and clever mother — who during Wilhelmina's later girlhood was the queen regent — did whatever she could to make her daughter's education a truly excellent one. Among the names of those who taught the young queen, Queen Emma's name deserves a fair place. It was the queen regent herself who regulated and superintended all the lessons of Wilhelmina, being present at most of them, and taking quite as much interest in them as her little daughter.

Shall I give you a list of all the "branches of learning" with which the Queen of Holland had gradually to become acquainted? I doubt whether any other girl of her age ever had so much to learn. Still, notwithstanding all the duties which had to be performed, never was the truth forgotten that "all work and no joy makes Jack a dull boy."

But she *had* to work hard. By the time she was seven years old she spoke French and English well, having been taught French by Mlle. Liotard, and English by Miss Saxton Winter, who stayed with her until she was about sixteen years old. Dutch and German she spoke well too, her Dutch naturally having a slight German accent because her mother was born a German. She soon lost this accent, though, when she had lessons in Dutch reading and writing. Being a queen, she natu-

rally had all her lessons by herself,—there was no pleasant intercourse with school-fellows for her!—and now and then the absence of other pupils was made up for by the presence of a doll called "Susanne," by means of which learning was made more amusing and interesting.

She gradually got more lessons as she grew older, studying hard and thoroughly, and being, in all, taught by no less than seventeen different teachers. She had reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, natural history, physics, Dutch history, geometry, algebra, French language and literature, Dutch literature, general history, religion, German language and literature, English literature, political economy, history of the fine arts, minute particulars about the army and the navy, drawing and painting, music, and needlework.

Which lessons did she like best? It would



Photograph by Kameke.

WILHELMINA AT THE AGE OF SIXTEEN.

be difficult to say. But she was, as a matter of course, exceedingly fond of hearing about her own country, and about the history of that brave little nation, which she loves with all the sincerity and warmth of her young heart.

It was a clever professor of the Leyden University who regularly came to the palace to give her lessons in Dutch history. The queen regent was always present, occupying herself with some embroidery and listening to the lecture with the utmost attention.

But Queen Wilhelmina's zeal never flagged, her enthusiasm about Holland's history never diminished, and countless were the questions she used to put to the learned professor. Indeed, so strong was her desire to be well informed about anything and everything concerning her country that she kept on asking, and almost breathlessly awaited the answer to each question. Needless to say, though, that her unbounded interest was very gratifying to her teachers.

It would be impossible in this sketch to give particulars about *all* Queen Wilhelmina's lessons; suffice it to say that they were all liked by pupil and teacher, and doubtless also by Queen Emma and the English governess, Miss Winter, who were present at most of them, Miss Winter understanding Dutch to perfection.

There were other things, though, which Holland's queen learned and which she loved as dearly as history and literature, things widely different, but none the less attractive: these were riding and skating, and driving her own pretty carriages, and tending her flowers, and making bouquets for her mother and her favorite friends among the court ladies, and sewing comfortable garments for poor children, and, when she was a little girl—cooking all sorts of dishes on her cooking-stove and nursing her thirty dolls. Then there were painting and music and fancy-work. To the girl-queen of Holland the time *did* pass quickly.

It was again her mother who in many of these things was her first teacher. Being herself an excellent needlewoman, the queen regent knew how to make her little girl understand how to handle needle and thread, and very quiet and industrious the little princess was when the wardrobe of her much-beloved dolls had to be increased or some work of art had to be done in the fascinating cross-stitch.

Until she was fourteen her mother regularly went on teaching her needlework. After that the young queen received "finishing" lessons in this art from a lady at The Hague.

Queen Wilhelmina did not like to have her mistakes ignored or overlooked. Once, when she was doing some fine needlework for her teacher, she found her task somewhat irksome, and it took all her patience to sit perfectly still and give her eyes and thoughts to her work.

to be undone?" she asked. "I certainly would advise it, your Majesty," was the answer. "I will take it out for you, if you wish." The girl looked at the work and was silent. Then she said: "What do you think best?" "Well, to be frank, your Majesty, I think it would be best if you were

to do it yourself." Her Majesty sighed; she felt so very little inclination to undo the numerous neat little stitches. However, she said bravely: "Of course I *will* do it myself, then."

So, although she was a queen, she had to work quite as hard as other girls, if not harder. She knew what it is to be busy when the sun shines and everything looks tantalizingly lovely out of doors.

Once on her morning drive through The Hague, she passed a large house, and saw two young girls in the midst of their lessons run eagerly to the window to see her. Queen Wilhelmina and those two girls became great friends, for the queen took good care every day after that to pass the house at the same time, and the girls were always there to bring her their enthusiastic morning greeting.

Queen Wilhelmina is a grown woman now, and a reigning queen. Her musical voice sounded clear and strong when, in the solemn hour of her investiture in Amsterdam's beautiful old



Photograph by Wolfrabe.

WILHELMINA AT THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN.

When she had finished, she put it down with a sigh of relief. "It is quite right, is it not?" she asked eagerly, when the teacher examined it. The sewing was very neatly done, but there were a few slight mistakes, and of course the teacher pointed them out to her. Poor Wilhelmina was disappointed, and felt as if she could not begin again. "Shall I—will it have

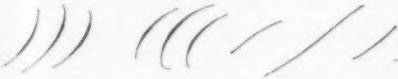
church, she delivered her first public speech and recited the oath to the Constitution. The speech has been in many papers, translated into many different languages; everybody has been able to read it, everybody knows it.

But what everybody does not know is that the girl-queen wrote it herself, as she did also the "proclamation to her people."

ABNER BROWN, THE PENMAN.

BY GARRETT NEWKIRK.

THE writing-master's name was Brown —
A penman good was he,
Who knew the rules Spencerian,
As well as A, B, C.



"Right curves—left curves—straight lines—
and loops: *CO* —

These simple forms," he said,
"Make all the letters in the world."
He spun them out like thread.

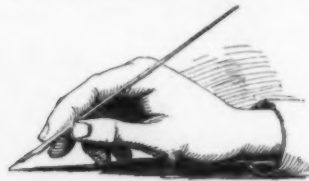


The way some pupils gripped their pens
Quite filled him with dismay:
It almost seemed as if they feared
The pens would fly away.



"Your thumb and fingers one and two
Should guide your pen," said he,
"And on the fingers third and fourth
The hand can rest, you see.

"Your hand or wrist should never touch
The table or the page;
You 'll not write well till this you learn
If you should live an age."



At first the children wrote like this:

Of *men of many minds*
And *many men who dost agree*
And *birds of many kinds.*

With lessons twelve they wrote quite well
Their letters,—A to Z,

Procrastination—thief of time
And *Fishes in the sea.*

Now, *Many men of many minds*
Seemed very neat and trim,
And *Many birds of many kinds*
Exactly suited him.

Brown studied law, and at the bar
His name became enrolled;
And then his writing grew so poor
'T was painful to behold.

That he could write a line like this,

I. whom it may concern

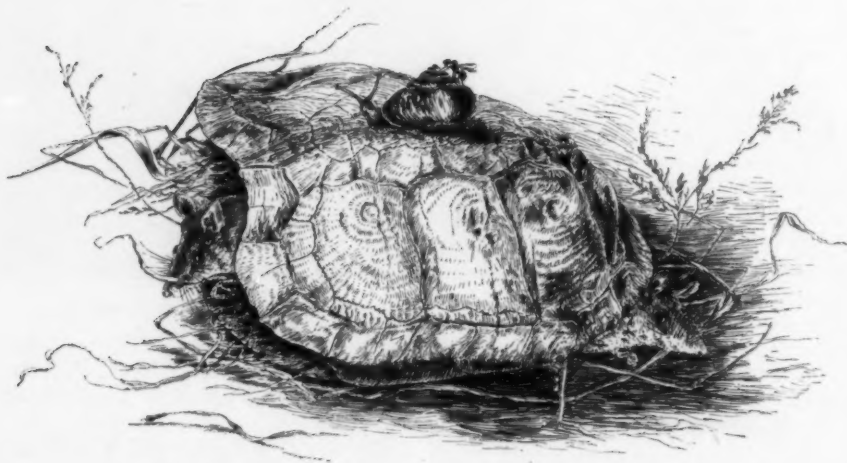
Should make us all resolve at once
To practise what we learn.

When Brown got into politics,
And went to Congress, too,

He wrote to a constituent,
As Congressmen will do:

Dear Jones:—

For much of my success
I have yourself to thank.
I paid today Reports and fees,
All under my own frank:
Remember me to Jim and Jess,
And also Mrs Jones,
How I would like to have today
One of her sweet corn-poues.
I'll soon be home from Washington,
And when you come to town
Please call upon me without fail
Yours Truly, Abner Brown



MRS. MOUSE: "ALEXANDER, MY DEAR, WHAT IS THE NOISE ON THE ROOF?"

A SPOOL SCHOOL.

BY JESSIE MACMILLAN ANDERSON.

LITTLE Ludella Smith was a dressmaker's little girl. You will think she was very lucky when I tell you that not only her mama, but her Aunt Jane and her sister Lily May, were dressmakers. How much fun she must have had making dolls' dresses out of all those pieces! Ah, but now comes the sad thing: she had n't any dolls!

From Monday morning to Saturday night, especially Saturday night, mama and Aunt Jane and sister Lill just sewed and sewed to get things done. And it did n't do a bit of good getting one thing done, for there were always two or three other things that ought to have been done long ago. So mama would cry, and then Aunt Jane would say, "There is no use spoiling your eyes, Sarah."

Mama always sent back the "pieces"; but the rule was, "Anything smaller than your hand, Dell!" And Ludella did wish her hand would grow faster.

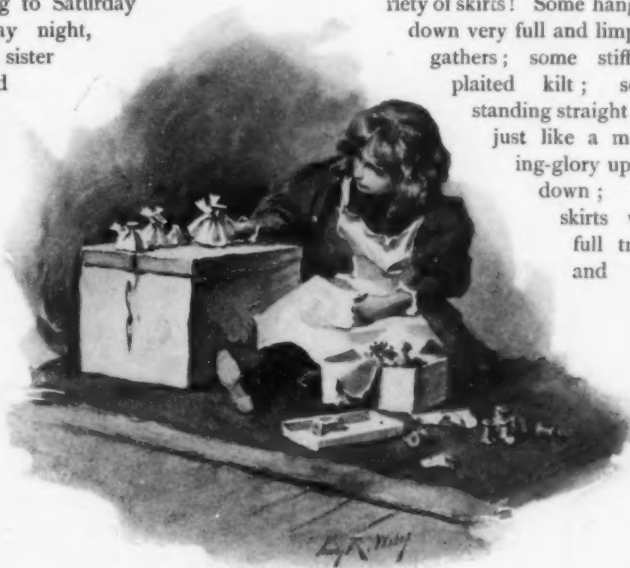
Yet thereweremountains of tiny bits, and one big boxful Ludella had stored away under her bed—silk and satin, velvet and Bedford cord, ladies'-cloth and cheviot and camel's-hair, gingham and percale and satine, chiffon and ribbon and lace. Under the bed was another box devoted to empty spools.

Every winter afternoon, when she came home from school, Ludella would say as she opened the door, "Any more spools? Any more pieces?" Then out would come those two boxes, and dressmaker Number Four would set to work as seriously as the others.

Did I say Ludella had no dolls? What is it she keeps in box Number Two?

Big spools, little spools! Fat spools, thin spools! Spools all waist, and spools with no waist at all! All decked out in more colors than the rainbow!

Their dresses are mostly skirt, but all the easier to fit. And what a variety of skirits! Some hanging down very full and limp, in gathers; some stiff in plaited kilt; some standing straight out, just like a morning-glory upside down; bell skirts with full train, and bell



"SHE PLACED LAURA PENELOPE AT ONE END OF A ROW OF SPOOLS."

skirts with demi-train; skirts with ruffle round the bottom, and skirts with panel down the side.

"Here," said Ludella, gravely,—one day I listened, while her sister was trying on my new gown,—“here, children, did n't you hear the bell? School's begun! Order! I have the pleasure of in-tro-duc-ing to you a new pupil—Laura Penelope Martindale."

Here she pulled up a jolly little twist-spool, with a flaunting pink silk skirt of the upside-down morning-glory shape, and a wide blue ribbon which was both sash and necktie.

She placed Laura Penelope at one end of a row of spools, saying:

"You 'll have to begin at the foot of the class; but if you study hard and improve, you 'll soon be at the head."

Then, in a squeaky voice, she made Penelope say: "Don't you have any boys in this school?" And she answered: "No; horrid, rough things! We don't *allow* 'em."

Then began the spelling lesson: "Grace Martha, spell *needle*."

"N-e *ne*, d-e-l *del*, *nedel*."

"Next!" sternly.

"N-e *ne*, d-l-e *dle*, *nedle*."

"Wrong. Next!"

"N-e-a *nea*, d-l-e *dle*, *neadle*."

And so, down the whole class, till she came to the new pupil.

"N-double-e *nee*, d-l-e *dle*, *needle*."

"That 's right, Laura Penelope. You may go to the head. *You* 've studied your lesson."

"Penelope 's just come. I don't see when she studied it," I said, to tease the child.

"She probably paid attention to what the teacher said in the last school she was in," she answered severely; and I fancied the other spools looked a little ashamed.

I was sorry I could not stay to hear the geography class recite; but my dress was fitted, and I had to go.

I offered to save up my spools for Ludella; but she said she would rather have me save up girls' names: she had some trouble in finding enough to go around; and she *did n't* wish to have two or three by the same name, as they had in common schools.



GNOR is a gnome, and he makes his home
In the oak-tree hollow and dark;
And the wind of the sky brings fear to his
eye,
Lest it choose his house for a mark.

And that is why, aright and awry,
He twists the oak-tree's roots,

To anchor his house when the red leaves fly,
The leaves that the north wind loots.

And he hides away in the tree-trunk warm,
While above it creaks and sings,
When the night marches by, a-cloaked with
the storm,
And its lantern of lightning swings.



OCTOBER

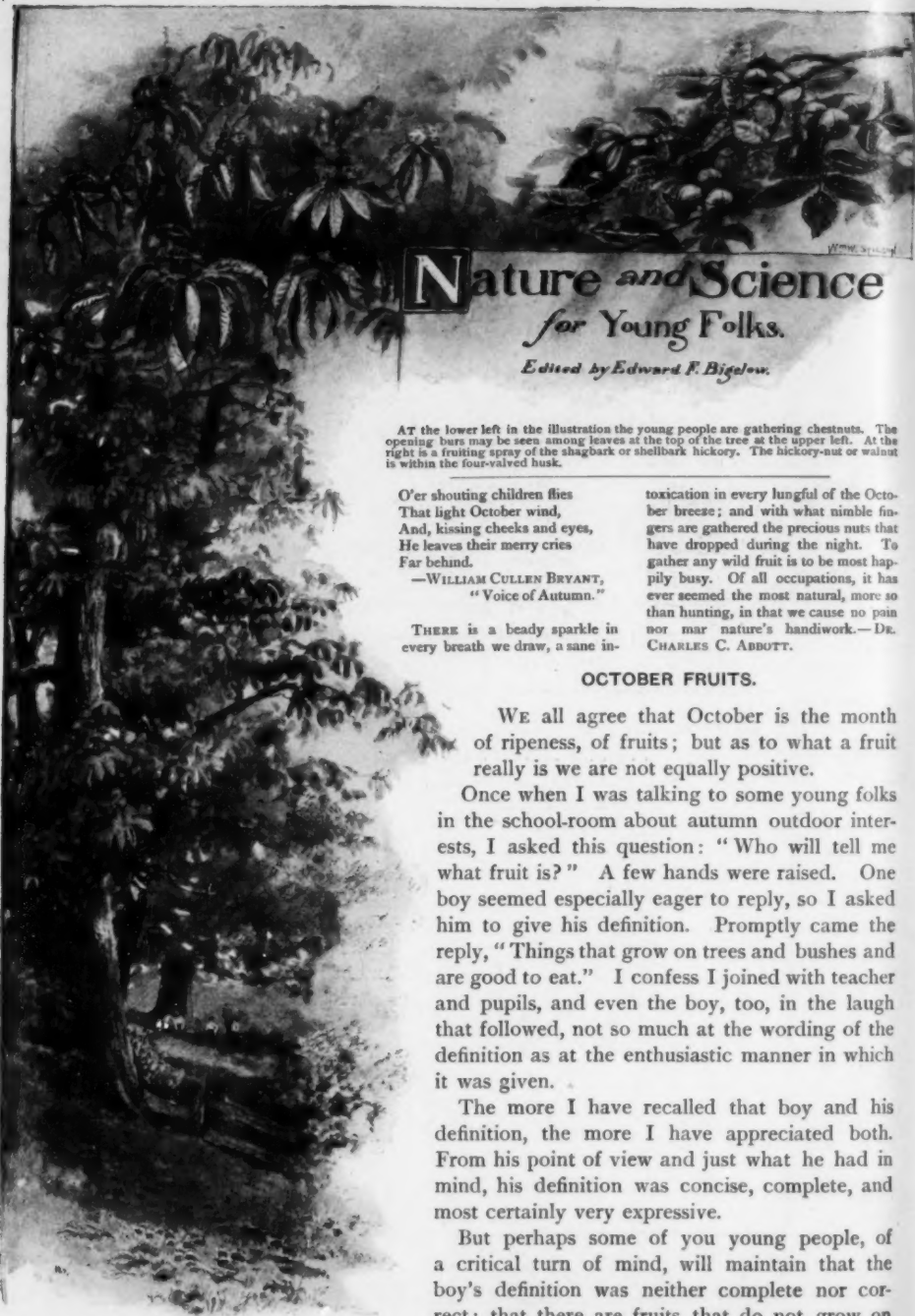
A NONSENSE CALENDAR.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

You would n't believe
On All Hallow Eve
What lots of fun we can make,
With apples to bob,
And nuts on the hob,
And a ring-and-thimble cake.

A paper boat
We will set afloat,
And on it write a name;
Then salt we 'll burn,
And our fortunes learn
From a flickering candle flame.

Tom said, "When it 's dark
We can strike a spark
From the fur of the big black cat."
But I said, "No!
'T would tease kitty so —
And I love her too much for that."



Nature and Science for Young Folks.

Edited by Edward F. Bigelow.

AT the lower left in the illustration the young people are gathering chestnuts. The opening burs may be seen among leaves at the top of the tree at the upper left. At the right is a fruiting spray of the shagbark or shellbark hickory. The hickory-nut or walnut is within the four-valved husk.

O'er shouting children flies
That light October wind,
And, kissing cheeks and eyes,
He leaves their merry cries
Far behind.

—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT,
"Voice of Autumn."

THERE is a beady sparkle in
every breath we draw, a sane in-

toxication in every lungful of the Octo-
ber breeze; and with what nimble fin-
gers are gathered the precious nuts that
have dropped during the night. To
gather any wild fruit is to be most hap-
pily busy. Of all occupations, it has
ever seemed the most natural, more so
than hunting, in that we cause no pain
nor mar nature's handiwork.—DR.
CHARLES C. ABBOTT.

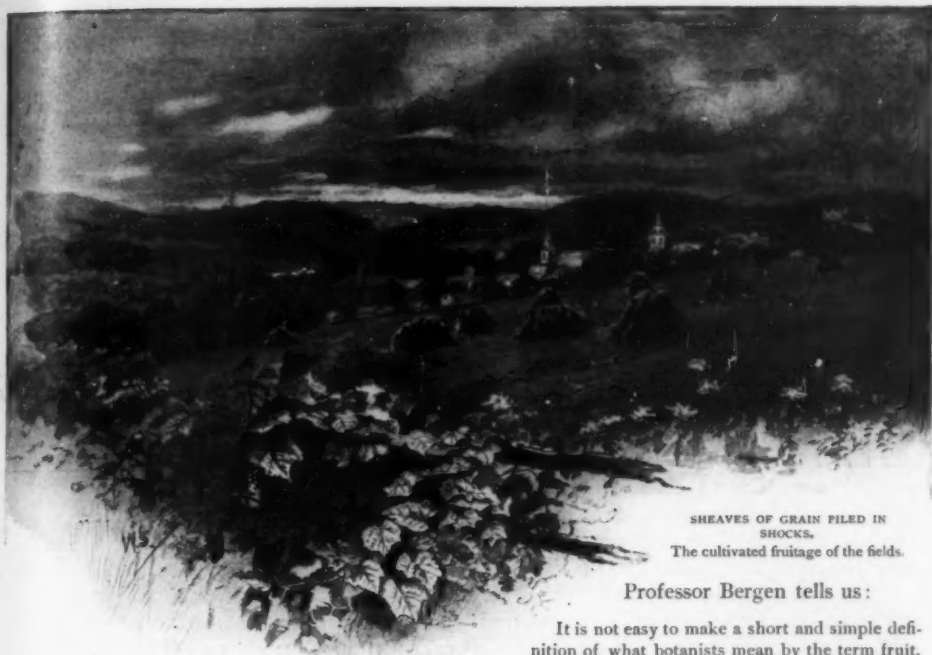
OCTOBER FRUITS.

WE all agree that October is the month
of ripeness, of fruits; but as to what a fruit
really is we are not equally positive.

Once when I was talking to some young folks
in the school-room about autumn outdoor inter-
ests, I asked this question: "Who will tell me
what fruit is?" A few hands were raised. One
boy seemed especially eager to reply, so I asked
him to give his definition. Promptly came the
reply, "Things that grow on trees and bushes and
are good to eat." I confess I joined with teacher
and pupils, and even the boy, too, in the laugh
that followed, not so much at the wording of the
definition as at the enthusiastic manner in which
it was given.

The more I have recalled that boy and his
definition, the more I have appreciated both.
From his point of view and just what he had in
mind, his definition was concise, complete, and
most certainly very expressive.

But perhaps some of you young people, of
a critical turn of mind, will maintain that the
boy's definition was neither complete nor cor-
rect: that there are fruits that do not grow on



SHEAVES OF GRAIN FILED IN
SHOCKS.
The cultivated fruitage of the fields.

Professor Bergen tells us:

It is not easy to make a short and simple definition of what botanists mean by the term fruit. It has very little to do with the popular use of the

WILD GRAPES.

An uncultivated edible fruitage of the fences. Three other fruitages of stone walls and rail fences are very conspicuous in October—the ornamental Virginia creeper, the clematis, and the poison-ivy.

trees or bushes, and that all fruits are not good to eat.

Well, if you will insist on taking a view of fruits wider than that which the boy had in mind, you probably will make it difficult for us to insist that the definition was just right. But we will get even with you. If you keep thinking and thinking of fruits that the boy did not have in mind, you will make it the more difficult for yourself to tell just what a fruit is. The more you advance from that boy's point of view, the more you know about plants and their products, the greater will be the difficulty.

Professor Coulter, a very learned botanist, says: "The term 'fruit' is a very indefinite one, so far as the structures it includes are concerned." He mentions as fruits such plant products as seeds of clematis, dandelion, wild carrot, burdock, nutmeg, maple seeds, etc. Not all of these are "good to eat!"

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THE CHIPMUNK ON THE WALL ENJOYING THE FRUITAGE OF
THE HAZEL-BUSHES.

The upper part shows the common hazel-nut and the lower part the beaked variety.

word. Botanically speaking, the bur, beggar's-ticks, the three-cornered grain of buckwheat, or such true grains as wheat and oats, are as much fruits as is an apple or a peach.

Then as to the edible parts. Do we eat the seeds or the parts around the seeds? Perhaps our boy, thinking only of the apple or pear, would at once claim the thing around the seeds. You, thinking a little wider, of the nuts, would say the seeds and not the thing (bur or husks) around them.

Then, perhaps, some thoughtful girl might say, "There is one fruit that I like of which I eat neither the seeds nor the thing around it, but the thing that holds up the seeds." You see, she is thinking of the strawberry, of which the edible part is what the botanist would call "an enlarged pulpy receptacle," on the surface of which are the tiny seeds—the real fruit.

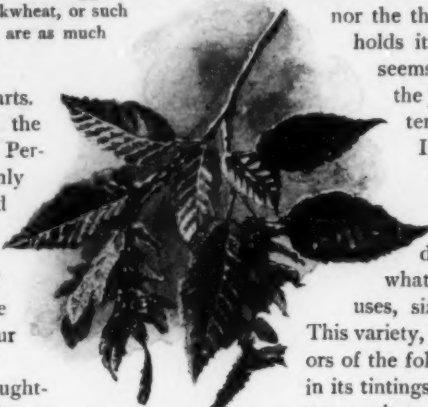
Then some one, trying to surpass all the rest, tries, conundrum-like, to make us guess a

fruit of which "we eat not the seed, nor the thing around it, nor what holds it up." The wild grape seems to fit that definition, for the juice is the only part that tempts us.

In this broad view of the word fruit—so extensive, as we have seen, that the botanist has difficulty in defining it—what a variety there is in uses, sizes, forms, and color!

This variety, with the variegated colors of the foliage, in its ripeness and in its tintings by Jack Frost is, I suppose, what suggested to the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher the name "the picture month."

Perhaps that boy, in his impulsiveness, defined better than he was aware of. Is not the fruitage of the year, to the naturalist, the things on the trees and other plant life that are good to "eat," with our mental as well as with our physical appetite? Certainly all is highly and deliciously seasoned with the October sunshine.



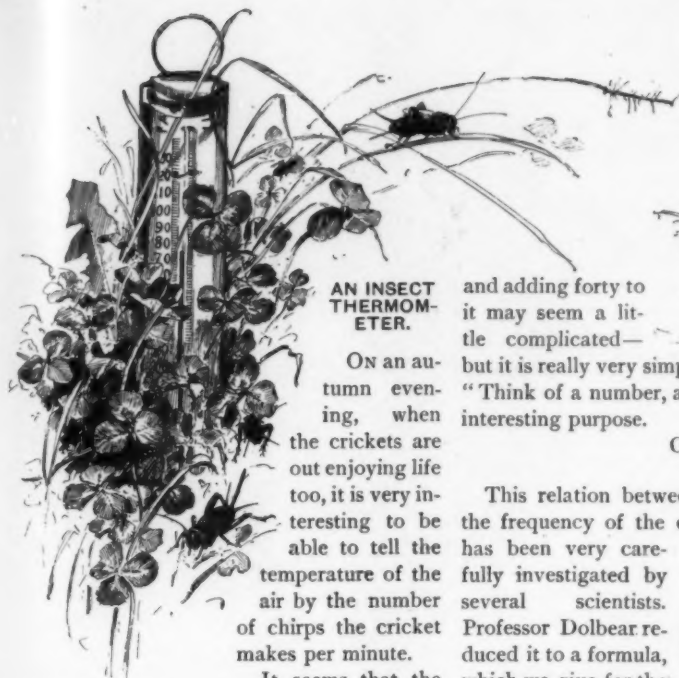
THE QUEER FRUITING SPRAY—A LEAFY CLUSTER—OF THE HORNBEAM.



INTERESTING FRUITS OF THE MARSHES.

Cat-tails. Notice the beautiful down bursting out of the heads.

Fruiting of Jack-in-the-pulpit (Indian turnip). Cluster of scarlet berries on a slender stem.



AN INSECT THERMOMETER.

ON an autumn evening, when the crickets are out enjoying life too, it is very interesting to be able to tell the temperature of the air by the number of chirps the cricket makes per minute.

It seems that the rate of chirps is affected by the temperature, and the exact relation of the temperature to the number of chirps has been estimated. With a little care in counting, one soon becomes expert enough to tell the temperature within one or two degrees Fahrenheit.

One meets with many discouragements at first as he tries hard to count every chirp: the cricket stops before the minute is up; other insects' notes drown out the cricket's; the noise of passing vehicles, etc., are very apt to interrupt at the critical moment of counting. But a little patience will easily overcome such difficulties.

When one has the average number of chirps per minute, take one fourth of that number, and add forty to that; the result will be the temperature within a degree or two of the actual temperature as read from a thermometer hung out of doors.

Another experiment is to capture a cricket and take him into the house and see how

and adding forty to it may seem a little complicated—but it is really very simple, and is like the game, "Think of a number, and double it," put to an interesting purpose.

GERTRUDE HASTINGS.

This relation between the temperature and the frequency of the chirpings of the cricket has been very carefully investigated by several scientists. Professor Dolbear reduced it to a formula, which we give for the

benefit of our older readers

and those of the young folks who have a fondness for mathematics.

Let T = the temperature in degrees (Fahrenheit) of the thermometer; N = number of chirps per minute. Then

$$T = 50 + \frac{N - 40}{4}$$

This would give 100 chirps for 65° F. That is, you substitute 65 in place of T and you will see that 100 must be substituted in place of N to preserve the equation," as our algebra students would express it.

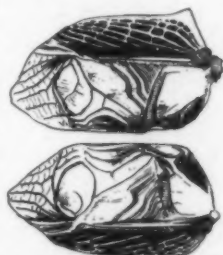
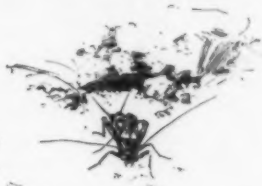
It will be observed that Miss Hastings has simplified this equation to its lowest terms

$$T = 40 + \frac{1}{4} N$$

to make it easier for our youngest readers.

much faster he chirps when he is warm.

To count the chirps per minute, taking one fourth of that number



THE WINGS OF THE CRICKET.

He makes the "chirping" by rubbing one of these rough wings on the other.



A BIT OF HOUSE-DECORATION.

The house was a nest, probably the nest of a white-footed mouse, for it often uses the deserted birds' nests in bushes and small trees. It was in this case woven by the mouse himself: a compact, long, round bag, a little like the Baltimore oriole's pocket nest, except that his is far more loosely woven. It was placed on one side in the fork of a small tree, about seven or eight feet from the ground, and the little round entrance was at one end, so that it was roofed all the way. It was September when I found it, and, no doubt, had been made for the second or third brood of mice.

The remarkable thing about it was that at its closed end was fastened a long vine covered with gauzy leaves and looking very like the feathery tufts of the clematis when it is in seed. It looked like a novel bit of house-decoration, but the clever little builder had a much more practical aim in view than adorning his dwelling, and that was the safety of his little ones. To any one approaching the nest from the rear, it looked for all the world like a vine climbing over the tree, and not a bit of the nest was visible. Of course, in front the bright-eyed little mother was always alert and watchful. I should like to have seen the building of the nest. The moss of feathery stuff was unbroken, and though it was light in weight, it was a large load for a mouse to carry. The white-footed mouse is rather an exception in liking tree nests. Most of the field-mice have little balls of grass, or burrows in the hay, or ground nests for their broods, and it is said that tree-sparrows sometimes take shelter during the cold winter nights



THE WHITE-FOOTED MOUSE.

in such places if they should chance to be deserted by the mice. So it is a fair exchange when the white-footed mouse finds a bird's nest to his mind and



THE DECORATED MOUSE NEST IN A TREE.

adapts it to his family needs. I wonder if it is a common thing to decorate or conceal it with vines and leaves after the fashion of my ingenious little householder?

E. F. MOSBY.

STUDYING BIRDS' NESTS.

THE above account of the interesting manner in which a mouse decorated its nest suggests the careful examination of birds' nests, to note their decorations, structures, and methods of concealment.

October and November are the best months for studying nests. They may even be collected now without injury to parent birds or young.

A bird's nest. Mark it well within, without.
No tool had he that wrought, no knife to cut,
No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert,
No glue to join—his beak was all.
And yet how neatly finish'd! What nice hand,
With every implement and means of art,
And twenty years' apprenticeship to boot,
Could make me such another?—HURDIS.

BECAUSE WE
WANT TO KNOW
??????????????

St. Nicholas
Union Square,
New York.

TINY BITS OF LIFE THAT GIVE LIGHT.

HAMPTON, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I was walking on the beach one summer evening I noticed a little phosphorescent light moving on the sand. It moved in feeble hops and I caught it easily. When it was in the light it looked like a common sand-shrimp, though only about an eighth of an inch long. It was a sort of transparent bluish-white color with tiny black eyes. But in the dark it was luminous. Do all shrimps shine this way? Can you tell the ST. NICHOLAS readers more about this strange insect?



THE BEACH-FLEA.

ELIZABETH FULLER (age 14).

The specimen you send is the beach-flea (*Orchestia agilis*). It was infected by tiny light-giving bacteria. Other larger crustacea, even lobsters, are sometimes so infected, and in all such cases are eventually killed by the bacteria.

EVEN A FISH MAY HAVE PARASITES.

BALTIMORE, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I received some fish and tadpoles for my aquarium. After about a week some of the fish died. I wondered what was killing them, and upon the body (near the tail) of the last one that died I found a strange water-creature. It was small, round, flat, greenish, six-legged, and almost transparent. It had two minute eyes and a forked tail. I found four on the tail of one of my tadpoles and two on the tail of another. I will inclose two and a rude drawing. Will you please let me know what they are and if they were killing my fish?

Yours truly,

JOHN HOLLOWELL PARKER.

The specimens you sent were badly crushed in the letter, but from your drawing I judge them to be one of the many forms of fish-lice, a species of *Argulus*. They are not killing nor injuring the fish, but were there probably because the fish were sick and

getting weak. The lice are not supposed to have any direct action on the health of the fish.

"LIKE A COLONY OF LAMP-SHADES."

"THE CASTLE,"

TARRYTOWN-ON-HUDSON,
N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This last summer a friend of mine found some queer sand formations below low-water mark at Indian Harbor, Maine. She was out in a boat when her attention was called to these queer things under the water. There were a great many of them, looking like a colony of lamp-shades. They are just the shape of a lamp-shade, but instead of having the two ends joined together and being like one whole piece, the ends overlap each other. They are very thin and easily broken, and are made of common gray sand. When you hold them up to the light you can see that they are full of tiny holes. They are not rough, but perfectly smooth on both sides. I will send you some by this mail. Can you tell me what they are and how they are made?

Your young friend,

DOROTHY A. BALDWIN (age 14).

These are the queer egg-cases of the snail *Polynices heros* (sometimes called *Lunatia* or *Natica heros*). This small snail glues together particles of sand in a thin sheet, curved so that the ends come nearly together or overlap.



THE MICROSCOPIC ANIMAL
THAT ATTACHES ITSELF
TO YOUR FISH.

Drawing from your specimen
by Dr. Alfred C. Stokes.



"LIKE A COLONY OF LAMP-SHADES."
(The egg-cases of a snail.)

In this gelatinous substance the eggs are deposited in regular order. It is these transparent eggs, or egg-places, in the sheet that you describe as "tiny holes." Your description of the appearance of a mass of the cases is very fitting—"like a colony of lamp-shades." Mrs. Arnold, in "The Sea-beach at Ebb-tide," tells us that they have "the form of a basin with the bottom knocked out and broken on one side."



THE SHELL OF POLYNICES HEROS.

Boys especially will agree with Ernest Ingersoll that this "glue-like mass covered with sand-grains has much the shape of a 'stand-up' collar," and we will all agree that it is "one of the curiosities of the beach."

QUEER EGGS AND WHAT THEY CONTAINED.

HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell us whether these are eggs on this twig, or what they are? We found them in the woods, on a post-oak sapling, and immediately decided to "write to St. NICHOLAS about it." We think it is so nice to be able to find out what such things are.

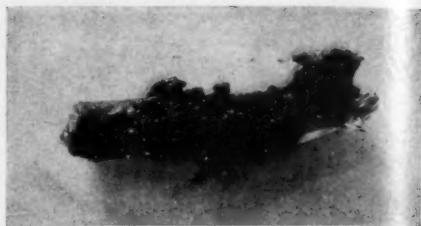
Your very interested readers,

MARY S. WHITAKER,
DANIEL W. PERRY.

This is an egg cluster of the wheel-bug, a member of the family of insects known as the assassin-bugs (*Reduviidae*). The eggs are especially queer, and I do not wonder that you wanted to know what they are. Professor Howard, in his "Insect Book," states:

The eggs of nearly all reduviids are of very strange appearance, and are frequently distinguished by some form of protective resemblance.

The eggs of the wheel-bug look like miniature leather bottles standing on end and in hexagonal clusters, seventy or more in a group, and attached to the bark of trees, on fence-rails, or wherever the female



THE EGGS ON THE STICK.

chances to be. In this stage the insect passes the winter. In the late spring the cap of the bottle is pushed off and the young bug emerges. The young insect has a blood-red abdomen and its thorax is marked with black. In walking it frequently elevates the abdomen, curving it over forward. It feeds upon soft-bodied insects, its attacks, while young, being confined mainly to such weak, delicate species as plant-lice. As they grow larger they attack larger insects, and when full-grown destroy large caterpillars.

I photographed, late in the afternoon, the specimen you sent. Fearing that the light was not good enough for a sharp photograph, I left the specimen overnight. Fortunately I had obtained a fairly good negative from that exposure, for the next morning when I went to the laboratory I found the "whole thing alive," as my little daughter expressed it. Without in any way disturbing the specimen, I took another photograph from the same spot.

This second photograph shows the little insects that, like "jacks-in-the-box," had pushed off the "caps" of the little "bottles" and crawled out. As the caps spring back, the empty eggs look about the same as they did before the insects came out.



"NEXT MORNING I FOUND THE 'WHOLE THING ALIVE.'"

STONE-LILY OR CRINOIDS.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Where we spent last summer, at South Haven, Michigan, we found washed up by the waves a little round stone that is called "lucky-stone" by everybody up there. When we looked it up we found that they were named "fairy-stones," but most often called "St. Cuthbert's beads," and were used a great deal for rosaries. They were called St. Cuthbert's beads from a myth that the old English monk used to sit on a rock in the Holy Isle by moonlight, and forge the stones, using another rock as a forge. But we found that they were really sections of the stone-lily, or crinoid. One year I strung two thousand of them, and they looked like an old Indian necklace. I inclose a few of the disks, also what we call "double luckies," or pieces of the stem in the form in which they grew.

Yours truly,

HELEN E. JACOBY (age 13).

Crinoids are now rare, and to obtain a living specimen is a great treat to naturalists.

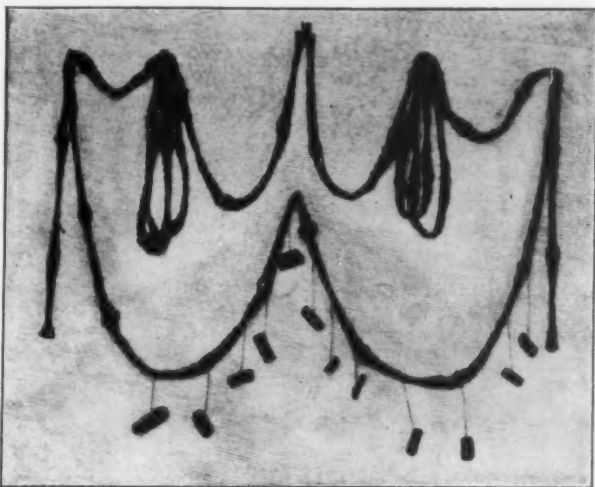


"LUCKY STONES."

Portions of the stems of fossil crinoids. From specimens sent by the writer of the accompanying letter.

Several years ago Lieutenant-Commander C. D. Sigsbee, who later was captain of the "Maine" when she was destroyed in the harbor of Havana, was in command of a vessel engaged in scientific work near Cuba. He describes collecting living crinoids as follows:

About one and a half miles east from the entrance to Havana harbor, and at the third haul with a dredge, in 177 fathoms (about 1000 feet), up came six beautiful "sea-lilies." Some of them came up on the tangle attached to the dredge and some on the dredge itself. They were as brittle as glass. The heads soon curled over and showed a decided disposition to drop off. At a haul made



A NECKLACE OF "ST. CUTHBERT'S BEADS."

Photograph sent by the writer of the accompanying letter.

soon after we got more, and being afraid to put so many of them in the tank together, I tried to delude the animals into the idea that they were in their native temperatures by putting them into ice-water. This worked well, although some of them became exasperated and shed some of their arms. They lived in the ice-water for two hours, until I transferred them to tanks. They moved their arms one at a time. Some of the "lilies" were white, some purple, some yellow; the last was the color of the smaller and more delicate ones.



FOSSIL CRINOIDS AS THEY OCCUR IN THE ROCKS.

Photograph supplied by S. Ward Loper, curator Wesleyan Museum, Middletown, Conn., collected at Crawfordville, Ind.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

IN APPLE-TIME.

(Gold Badge.)

LONG shadows lie across the lea,
And in the western sky afar
There hangs a single lovely star,
The promise of the night to be.

The cool wind stirs among the trees,
And deeper in the darkening wood
The birds pour out a silvery flood
Of clear and joyous melodies.

And in the twilight stillness here,
And in low-laden trees we read
The full fruition of the seed,
The fulfilled promise of the year.

Josephine Potter Davis (age 15).



"FROM LIFE." BY E. GRACE HANKS, AGE 16. (CASH PRIZE.)



"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER."
BY ELIZABETH OTIS, AGE 15.
(A FORMER PRIZE-WINNER.)

JO MARCH, John Halifax, Leatherstocking, Maggie Tulliver, all of Dickens's boys and girls, Alice in Wonderland, and a full score of others: these are the "favorite characters in fiction" that the young prose-writers of the League have chosen, to champion and to praise. Never have there been more earnest or better contributions than those received in this competition. Never has it been harder to judge which of all the many good things that came could be printed in the narrow space allowed for the League. Hard as it was, sometimes, for the young authors to decide on their favorites, it was harder still for the editor to decide on their contributions. We shall be obliged to have another competition on this subject, for never have our young people written with more spirit than they have in telling of their favorite heroes and heroines that their favorite authors have made so real.

If we had been asking for a vote, as well as for contributions, then Jo March of "Little Women" must have won. What a place Miss Alcott has made for herself in the hearts of her readers! And Jo, of all her characters, is most widely known, most fondly adored. "Dear Jo March!" "Dear old Jo!"—thus is she addressed by those who write of and to her. And the admirers of Jo outnumbered those of any other more than two to one. Carol Bird had admirers, too, and Lorna Doone, and Ivanhoe, while of the later books "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" had most supporters. Patient, cheerful Mrs. Wiggs! Time will not dim the luster of her happy philosophy nor scatter the laurels she has won. She has become one of the dream people who are more real than many who live and move about us—one of those who make us remember William Blake's words: "The world of imagination is the world of eternity." Oh, it is a wonderful country where they dwell! A land of wide landscapes, broad oceans, of narrow city streets. There do they sorrow and make merry as the years pass; there, indeed, do they endure forever,—always within our reach, always ready to entertain and to comfort,—our favorite characters in fiction!

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION NO. 46.

IN making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Gold badges, **Josephine Potter Davis** (age 15), 67 Pembroke St., Toronto, Canada, and **Marie Margaret Kirkwood** (age 15), Box 202, "Durantwald," Nottingham, Ohio.

Silver badges, **Kate Huntington Tiemann** (age 15), 211 Berkeley Place, Brooklyn, N. Y., and **Philip Stark** (age 13), Sawkill, Pike Co., Pa.

Prose. Gold badges, **Jessie E. Wilcox** (age 16), 296 Clermont Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., and **Anne L. Parrish** (age 14), Colorado Springs, Col.

Silver badges, **Dorothy Nicoll** (age 13), Babylon, L. I., N. Y., **Ruth Bamberger** (age 12), 104 Chadwick Ave., Newark, N. J., and **Helen J. Beshgetour** (age 9), Allegany, Catt. Co., N. Y.

Drawings. Cash prize, **E. Grace Hanks** (age 16), 651 Palisade Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

Gold badge, **Elise Donaldson** (age 15), cor. 14th and State Sts., Flushing, L. I., N. Y.

Silver badge, **Frances Varrell** (age 11), 6 Austin St., Portsmouth, N. H.

Photography. Gold badge, **Ada Harriet Case** (age 16), 398 Jefferson Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Bernard A. Cromwell** (age 12), Topsham, Me., **Cora Edith Wellman** (age 11), "Woodside Hall," Cooperstown, N. Y., and **John Mitchell** (age 7), Box 117, Manchester, Mass.

Wild-animal and Bird Photography. First prize, "Young Long-eared Owl," **Arthur Davenport Fuller** (age 13), 80 Court St., Exeter, N. H.

Second prize, "Young Butcherbird," **Dunton Hamlin** (age 14), Box 82, Orono, Me.

Third prize, "Young Herons," **J. Foster Hickman** (age 15), West Chester, Chester Co., Pa. R. F. D. No. 8.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **Margotie Fay** (age 15), 52 Marlboro St., Wollaston, Mass., and **H. A. Bunker, Jr.** (age 14), 158 Sixth Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Thurston Brown** (age 14), Middleburg, Va., and **Leonard Barrett** (age 12), Claremont, N. H.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badges, **Harold M. Sawyer** (age 12), 416 Chemung St., Waverly, N. Y., and **Olga Lee** (age 16), 27 Manhattan Ave., N. Y. City.

Silver badges, **Elsie Turner** (age 15), 217 Delaware Ave., Buffalo, N. Y., and **Rosalie Aylett Sampson** (age 10), Box 375, Shelbyville, Ky.

MY FAVORITE CHARACTER IN FICTION.

BY JESSIE E. WILCOX (AGE 16).

(Gold Badge.)

DEAR Jo March! Noblest and naughtiest of the four "Little Women." You were not patient like Beth, nor good like Meg. You were more like Amy, but you did n't have any of her little airs. You were just brave, honest, outspoken Jo! How I have loved and admired you! Many are the times my thoughts have wandered to the cottage where the happy little group, with "Marmee" in the center, played such an important part in the life of the shy, fascinating boy Laurie. You were the first of the group, Jo, to brighten Laurie's tedious life.

I have laughed heartily over the writings by the members of the "Pickwick Club," and enjoyed immensely the contributions of "Augustus Snodgrass."

You always made the best of things, Jo, in your happy-go-lucky way. One could not feel sorry for you when you found that you had no suitable dress for the party, but laughed with you in your efforts to patch up the much dilapidated gown.

I never was so happy as when you married the kind-hearted German professor.



"FROM LIFE." BY ELISE DONALDSON, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

I still loved you when you had all your "Little Men" to love you and look to you for comfort.

You had left the home of your girlhood, and still I held the memory of the picturesque little cottage, shaded by apple-trees, in my heart.

I longed to see with my own eyes the home where the four dear girls spent so many happy years.

At last my dreams were realized. I went to Concord, and was happy in the thought that the cottage was before my eyes, and that I was sitting on the very porch where, for so many evenings, Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy had sat.

But you were not there, Jo. I saw your peaceful

The St. Nicholas League is an organization of ST. NICHOLAS readers for the encouragement of literary and artistic taste and of mental ingenuity.

The membership badge and instruction leaflet will be sent free on application.

resting-place in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery. When I came away, I loved and revered you in a new way. Since then, to me, Jo March has been the noble-minded, admirable woman.

The mischievous, fun-loving Jo is a person of the past.



Illustrated Poem.

BY MARIE MARGARET KIRKWOOD (AGE 15).

(Gold Badge.)

How pleasant is the level meadow; the tender grass
just springing up;
The violet hiding in the shadow; what wealth is in the
buttercup!

All rose and white the tent above us that playful sprites
do gaily fling;
Fantastic shapes of blue gleam through it—the orchard's
fair when it is spring.

Oh, tell me, which one hath most beauty, the blossom
pink or apple gold,
The little child so young and guileless, the kindly man
now growing old,
The promise of the coming harvest supporting us in
work and pain,
The coming of the grand fulfilment that shows our
labor not in vain?

And autumn, too, contains its promise; 't is better,
greater, and more
kind:

Another spring beyond the
winter, a calm across
the raging wind;

A land whose gates no sor-
row enters; a place
that turmoil ne'er shall
break;

A flowery lane without a
turning; a dream from
which we ne'er shall
wake.



APPLE-TIME. (SEE POEM.)

MY FAVORITE CHARACTER IN FICTION.

BY DOROTHY NICOLL (AGE 13).

(Silver Badge.)

AMONG the characters in the many books of fiction which have been written, my favorite is the hero in one of Sir Walter Scott's famous Waverley Novels. He is a character who seems to me one of the bravest, most chivalrous men who have ever figured in fiction—Wilfred, knight of Ivanhoe.

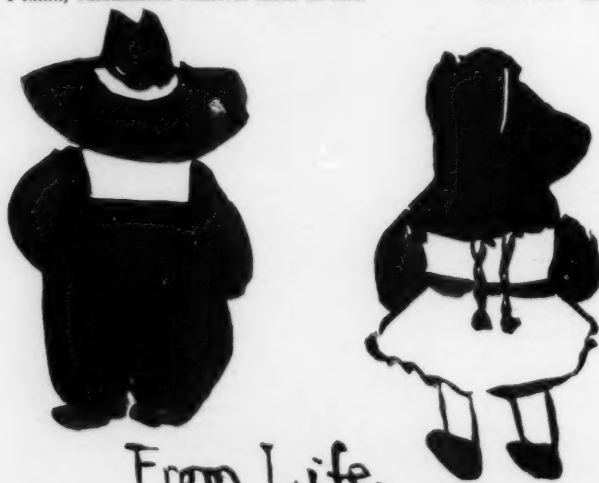
Of course he was not perfect; but Ivanhoe's merits, I think, outbalanced whatever faults he had.

He was certainly brave. Few men would have faced Brian de Bois-Guilbert in single combat, as he did. Yet, though scarce twenty-five, my hero unhorsed the proud Templar, who, as one of the spectators of the tournament remarked, "rolled thrice over, grasping his hands full of sand at every turn."

Certainly no one could say that Ivanhoe was not chivalrous. He was not ashamed to fight for a Jewess, though he himself was a good Catholic. A meaner man might have ungratefully ignored Rebecca in her trouble, but Ivanhoe remembered how she had healed his wounds, and, despite the prejudices against her race, fought for what he believed to be right—and won.

Ivanhoe's loyalty to his rightful king was one of his best characteristics. While Prince John and his colleagues—among whom were some of England's champion knights—endeavored to gain control of the government, many brave men remained true to King Richard. Ivanhoe is depicted as one of these, and as a great favorite of Cœur-de-Lion.

As Sir Walter Scott has shown this hero of fiction, he was a knight who, had he really lived, might have aided Richard Lion-heart greatly. I almost think, as I read of him, that he did live—brave, chivalrous, true to what he believed to be right, loyal to king and country.



From Life.

BY FRANCES VARNELL, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

APPLE-TIME.

BY PHILIP STARK (AGE 13).

(Silver Badge.)

I HEAR the blackbirds singing,
I hear the south wind sigh,
I hear the merry laughter
That comes from branches high.

The apple-trees are laden
With crimson and with gold:
Each bough with fruit is bend-
ing—
As much as it can hold.

The sun is brightly setting;
Its rays of sifting light
Are falling on the orchards,
And softly comes the night.

The quails now are piping,
Now calls the whip-poor-will;
The harvest moon is rising
From over yonder hill.

Its glowing light envelops
The sleeping world below,
And casts a dark'ning shadow
That wavers to and fro.



"SUMMER-TIME." BY ADA HARRIET CASE, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

Shine on, O moon of silver,
Upon the dying year;
For autumn soon is over,
Then, lo, the winter 's here!



MY FAVORITE CHARACTER
IN
FICTION—



Illustrated Story.

BY ANNE L. PARRISH (AGE 14).

(Gold Badge.)

I PUT down my pencil with a sigh, and read what I had just written.

"My favorite character in fiction is Alice in Wonderland."

Then I crossed the words out, and sighed again. The fifth bad beginning in as many minutes! The task seemed hopeless.

I was just about to give up, when, to my great surprise, I heard a voice behind me.

"I heard you thinking about me, so I came to help you."

I spun around, and saw her there—Alice! The Alice of my dreams!

She stood in the open doorway, with the sunlight streaming over her, in her blue frock and little white pinafore, just as she had come to me so many times before when I had been sick or unhappy, laughing and dimpling at me, and whispering her stories in my ear, until I had laughed with her.

"Are you really going to write about *me*?" she asked.

"There are a lot who thought you would choose *them*—Undine, and Ivanhoe, and Tom, out of the 'Water Ba-

bies,' you know, and—oh, lots! And since you have n't, they feel a bit cross."

"Of course I chose you," I said. "But the trouble is, I don't know what to say about you."

"I can't stay but a minute," said Alice. "I'll help you all I can, though I'm afraid my adventures are all in the book, are n't they?" she added regretfully.

"Yes," I said. "*Everything's* in the book, it seems to me. But I don't think ST. NICHOLAS wants a story, anyway. It ought to be more of an essay, you know—all about your character and your looks. What shall I say?"

"You might say that I like plum jam better than strawberry, and anything better than lessons. There's my character. As for my looks, my hair does n't curl—"

"And your eyes are dreamy and blue, and your cheeks are pink, and your mouth is laughing, and you are perfectly dear!"

"Oh!" laughed Alice. "You're not a bit like the Caterpillar or the Queen. But I must be going. Good-by. Oh, yes! you can put in that Dinah is very well, thank you. Write the story, won't you?"

"I'll try," I called after her.

And I have.



THE JAM END

APPLE-TIME.

BY WYNONAH BREAZEALE (AGE 15).

(A Former Prize-winner.)

We ist *loves* to go to gran'ma's,
 Apple-time,
 When the trees ist loaded *awful*,
 An' we climb,

'N get ist *all* the beauties,
 Eve'y one;
 Up 'fore day to help 'em gather—
 Awful fun!

Gre't big Baldwins, yaller Midas,
 Sour crabs.

'Nen when we see *extry* beauties,
 We ist grabs!

Apple-pie, 'n' apple-dumplin's,
 Cider, too!

'Nen we have to have a doctor
 'Fore we 're through.

We ist *loves* to go to gran'ma's,
 An' to climb
 When the trees ist *awful* loaded,
 Apple-time.



"SUMMER-TIME." BY BERNARD H. CROMWELL, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)



"SUMMER-TIME." BY CORA EDITH WELLMAN, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

MY FAVORITE CHARACTER IN FICTION.

BY HELEN J. BESHGETOUR (AGE 9).

(Silver Badge.)

HELEN sat by the window looking disconsolately at the rain.

"Oh, dear, what shall I do?" she said. "I 'm so lonesome. I 've read my ST. NICHOLAS all through, and if I knew what my favorite character in fiction was I would write a story for October."

Then she looked out of the window for a long time, watching the rain.

Suddenly a strange-looking object appeared in the sky. It came nearer and nearer until it stopped right before her window, and Helen discovered it was a funny old woman riding on a broomstick and draw-

by a large white goose. This old woman wore a red dress with a white peaked cap.

"Oh, who are you?" cried Helen.

"I am your favorite character in fiction. Can't you guess my name?"

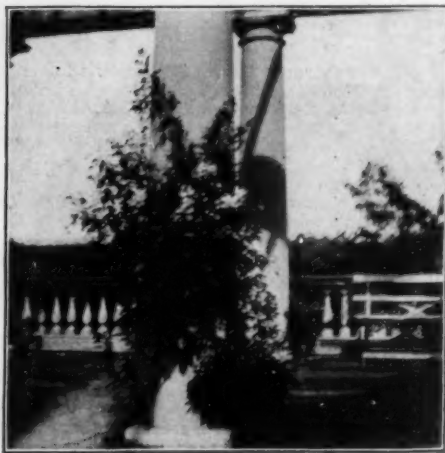
"You look like the pictures of Old Mother Goose I 've seen," said Helen.

"That 's right! Now I will sing you some of your favorite rhymes."

Here followed "Tommy Tucker," "Little Boy Blue," "Pussy, Pussy, with a white foot," and

"Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
 Humpty Dumpty had a great fall."

"My, what a crash the fall made!" And Helen woke up, finding it was a great peal of thunder.



"SUMMER-TIME." BY JOHN MITCHELL, AGE 7. (SILVER BADGE.)



"YOUNG LONG-EARED OWL." BY ARTHUR DAVENPORT FULLER, AGE 13.
(FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

APPLE-TIME.

BY NANNIE C. BARR (AGE 12).

HEAR the noise and din and clatter;
It's apple-time!

What do school and lessons matter
At apple-time?

Pippins yellow, Baldwins red,
Aikens, wine-saps all outspread
On a leafy, grassy bed;
For it's jolly apple-time!

How they shower! How they scatter!
It's apple-time!

Hear the laughter and the chatter
At apple-time!

Hear the children's gleeful shout
As the apples fall about;
Gone is frown and banished pout
At the happy apple-time.



"YOUNG BUTCHER-BIRD." BY DUNTON HAMLIN, AGE 14.
(SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")



"YOUNG HERONS." BY J. FOSTER NICKMAN, AGE 15.
(THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

MY FAVORITE CHARACTER IN FICTION.

BY RUTH BAMBERGER (AGE 12).

(*Silver Badge.*)

POOR little Nell! Her I choose as my favorite character. So brave, so patient, so forgiving! Such a character one can read over and over without getting tired of.

How many children her age would have forgiven and cared for a man so deep in vice and misery? Though only a beggar, how beautiful was her character! And no one but Dickens could have ever depicted a life so beautiful as little Nell's. Even when she knew her grandfather had robbed the show-woman, not a word of reproach escaped from her lips.

How patient she was! How she trudged, barefoot, through the cold, wet streets of London, only thinking of the safety of her grandfather!

At her death, who would have thought

that a lonely orphan had so many friends as followed her humble coffin to her last resting-place!

Children, tired mothers, and hard-working fathers all came to bid their last farewells to the little spirit of love and patience.

Such is the character I admire, and may I be more like her every day.

APPLE-TIME.

BY HAROLD R. NORRIS (AGE 10).

(*A Former Prize-winner.*)

WHEN orchards red and yellow bloom,
With flowers sweet and fair,
The farmers, and the children too,
Are nearly always there.

The farmers have their baskets large,
The juicy fruit to hold,
While children pick the apples up,
Of red and green and gold.



"SUMMER-TIME." BY MILDRED C. JONES, AGE 14.

MY FAVORITE CHARACTER IN FICTION.

BY BESSIE BUNZEL (AGE 12).

FLORENCE DOMBEY, in "Dombey and Son," is my favorite character in fiction. I know of no one who is so gentle, kind, beautiful, and forgiving. It is clearly shown in her going back and asking her father to forgive her, after the way in which he treated her.

Though Paul Dombey was such a dear boy, her father should not have slighted Florence.

Florence sat up at night studying so she could help Paul in his lessons. And when he was sick how patient she was! Never leaving him, and gratifying every wish.

She always had a great love and respect for her father.

When he brought home Edith as his wife, Florence was chiefly glad because she thought her new mother would show her how to gain her father's affection.

When her father said Susan Nipper must leave, she did not ask her step-mother if Susan could stay, because she feared this would give rise to some further estrangement between herself and her father.

When her father finally drove her from his house, she was not angry at him, but at herself, saying she should have been more patient.

I think that Florence heartily deserved all the happiness she got in after life.



"SUMMER-TIME." BY GRACE MORGAN JARVIS, AGE 17.

APPLE-TIME.

BY ELISE R. RUSSELL (AGE 10).

APPLES red, green, and yellow
Hanging from the trees,
Often dropping down for you
In the summer breeze.

The trees against the blue back-
ground
Make a very pretty sight;
A darker background in the eve,
And darker still at night.

Then pick your red ripe apples;
Your apples nice and sweet.
They give us a lot of pleasure,
And they are good to eat.

THEIR FAVORITE CHARACTERS IN FICTION.

BY DOROTHY FELT (AGE 13).

It was a mellow October day.
Leaves of all shades of yellow, red,
and orange covered the ground.

A party of five happy children entered the woods to gather nuts.

"Is n't this fine?" said the oldest girl of the five.
"Oh, there are some nuts!"

A pleasant morning was spent in the woods, and as the sun grew warm at noon the children ate their lunch.

After they had all "eaten until we can't eat any more," as one of the boys said, they decided to rest before going home.

They all sat down in a circle, and Margret, the oldest girl, asked: "Who is your favorite character in fiction, and then let us tell why we think so."

"Meg, in 'Little Women,' is my favorite; she is so real and good," said one little girl.

"Oh, Beth is mine; she was so loving and sweet," said Margret's sister.

"Balser, in 'Blue River Bear Stories,' is mine; he could kill so many bears," added ten-year-old Johnny.

"My favorite is the truthful Leatherstocking, who was as much of a friend to an Indian as to a white man!" exclaimed the oldest boy, Rob.

"Now, who is yours?" asked the children, turning to Margret.

"Mine is Mrs. Wiggs," she answered; "and you all know why." Margret had been trying to be like her ever since she read the book.

"She was so cheerful and thankful; even when the house burned and the pig was killed, she was 'glad it was not the baby,'" continued Margret.

"But Leatherstocking could shoot so well, and was so devoted to Uncas and the Big Serpent," said Rob.

A discussion might have followed, but just then several raindrops fell upon the children and warned them to start for home.

The clouds had gathered unnoticed by the five; but they now started for home with their bags of nuts.

As they reached the house the rain fell and the storm commenced.

MY FAVORITE CHARACTER IN FICTION.

BY SALLY N. CATLETT (AGE 13).

I THINK Sydney Carton must be my favorite character in fiction. Until I read the "Tale of Two Cities" I had many favorites; but I believe now I like Carton best of all.

When I think of the grand deed he did, and what it must have cost him, tears come to my eyes.

Everybody thought he was very lazy and selfish, and nobody liked him, but they could not know. He first gave up the woman he loved to another man, and then saved that man's life at the cost of his own. Oh, think what it must have meant to do this, and how he must have suffered!

It was a glorious and heroic act, and much the more so because no one knew of his intention. How grand it must be to do such things without any one's knowledge until it is all over!

MY FAVORITE CHARACTER IN HISTORY.

WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM, BORN 1324.

BY ELSA CLARK (AGE 8).

HIS father was a poor farmer, but his mother was related to educated people, and from her he had his gentle manners and noble ideas. Sir Nicholas Uvedale sent him to school in Winchester, where he often went to pray in the cathedral. He worked so well that he became Uvedale's secretary, and, traveling with him, saw many beautiful buildings. The love of them made him long to be an architect, and he often drew plans for himself. Some were shown to Edward III, who was wanting designs to rebuild Windsor Castle. He asked Wykeham to draw plans, and was so pleased with them that he commanded him to build the castle like them. It is just the same now; I saw it last year. Wykeham became a clergyman, and was made Bishop of Winchester; but he never grew proud: his manners were always as nice to the poor as to the rich. When his coat of arms as bishop was made he chose the simple motto, "Manners makyth man."

He was now rich, and he designed and built for the good of others New College Oxford and the fine Winchester College, with its beautiful little chapel. He was made lord chancellor, but was not suited for the work, and, when it was taken away, instead of being jealous,



"FROM LIFE." BY RUTH FELT, AGE 15.

was kind and respectful to his successor. In Richard II's reign he was chancellor again. When over seventy years old he began to alter and beautify his cathedral, and left it nearly as it is now; but he could not quite finish it. He died in 1404, and was buried in the lovely little chantry chapel he built in the cathedral, on the place where he loved to pray when a boy. He was a wonderful architect, a good man, clever in all kinds of business, a great lover of learning, a writer of history, and a trusted friend of the Black Prince.

MY FAVORITE CHARACTER IN HISTORY.

BY CHESTER TAPLEY SWINERTON (AGE 8).

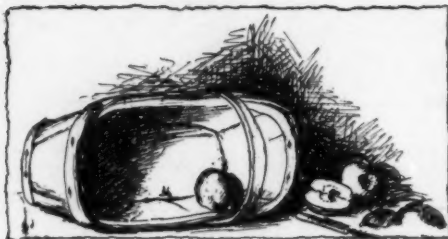
IN the spring of the year 1775, in the little village of Danvers, lived Amos Tapley. The house that he lived in is situated on a hill, and there is a beautiful view even from the low piazza. Although not yet thirty, he had married and had a child. One day, as he was plowing in his field, a neighbor came hurrying up with the news of Paul Revere's warning. After he had listened to the story, he went up to the house and kissed his wife and child good-by. He went back to the field, took his horse from the plow, and rode off to his father's house to tell him the news. Then they both (father and son) galloped away to Lexington to join the brave army that was going to help defend their country. At the celebrated battle of Lexington he was a sergeant, and at the end of the war he was a first lieutenant. There are many reasons why Amos Tapley is my favorite character in history: he fought in the first battle of the Revolution; the house where I go every summer is next to the one he lived in; I have picked daisies perhaps in the very place where his plow stood; I have picked blueberries in his pasture; I am named after his family; and last, but not least, he was my great-great-grandfather.



"SUMMER-TIME." BY HANNAH F. WRIGHT, AGE 15.

APPLE-TIME.

Illustrated Poem.



BY H. DE VEER (AGE 16).

'T is nature sends fair autumn round
To tint the leaves upon the ground,
To change the fields to seas of gold
And paint her path with colors bold.

The apples with their ruddy glow,
Are bending down to let us know
That apple-time has come once more,
When nature renders us her store

IN THE MEADOW.

BY DOROTHY CORT (AGE 13).

In the verdant meadow,
Laughing all the day,
Winds the sparkling streamlet
On its endless way.

Round its brink the grasses
Slender forms do bend;
To the air the flowers
Sweetest fragrance lend.

Buttercups and daisies
Everywhere are seen;
All is joy and sunshine
In this meadow green.

LETTERS.

BURTON, WASH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought you might like to hear from me, as I come from far-away China, and I do not imagine you have many readers from so distant a place. Though "born and bred" in old China, I am by no means a Chinese, but am true English blood through and through. My parents are missionaries of the English Baptist Board, in Ching Chou Fu, Shang Tung, China. I was born there, and have lived there eight years altogether, though not successively. I have traveled to England, been through the greater part of Europe, and in Egypt, Africa, Ceylon, Siam, Japan, and the United States and Canada. I cannot remember all those places, as I was very young when I went. I have been right around the world, except crossing the Atlantic. It has only been three years since I left China the last time, and so I can remember it very well. Though it is a greatly crowded and very dirty country, I love it because of the associations I have there. The Chinese people, though very queer to strangers, are lovable and interesting when you know them. I have a Chinese friend who often writes to me. I can read and write the Chinese characters pretty well, and can speak the language as well as they can. My parents and a baby sister are in China now. I am living in a missionary children's home, in Burton, Wash. I was sent here so I could get a good education. There is a good college here. I like the place very much; they are all very kind to us. My brother Norman, aged twelve, is here with me, and we get very homesick for our parents sometimes; though it is lovely here. I am very interested in reading the St. NICHOLAS, and have re-

cently written to join the League. I hope some day to win a prize for prose work. I am very ambitious along that line. I am just fifteen years old.

Your faithful reader,

N. CRANDFIELD MEDHURST.

CABÉ ROQUEBRUNE, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I received the silver badge this morning, and thank you very much for sending it. I think it very pretty. Mama is writing to you also to thank you.

We have some very strange flowers and plants here. Would you like me to send some specimens for Nature and Science?

It is really warm here, but we are so used to it being warmer, we think it cold. When the sun is out the sea is warm and very nice to swim in, but when the sun is hidden it is very cold.

On Friday, January 2, we went a journey to Castillon, a little village up on top of a mountain. The road up to Castillon is winding and very pretty, far down below us the valley of the Carei, with the Carei a winding strip of blue running through it, while at intervals waterfalls make whirling patches of foam in the rippling water. In comparison with Mentone, Castillon was very cold; we passed through a tunnel (from the roof of which icicles hung, and ice crunched underfoot) to see the Alps better. It was a magnificent sight. The great snow-capped mountain-peaks, glittering in the sunshine, stood clearly defined against the gray-blue sky.

Hoping you will live forever, I remain your devoted and interested reader,

FREDA M. HARRISON (age 12).

24 ST. MARY STREET,
SOUTHAMPTON, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Thank you very much for my League certificate and button.

Wild flowers interest me so much that last year I entered a competition for children under ten, for a small collection of British wild flowers, named and described in English and botanical terms. Professor Hulme, F.L.S., F.S.A., was the judge, and he sent me a certificate with 95 per cent. of the marks and the third prize in Great Britain. We were so much astonished, because I am only eight, and because the summer was so wet all over England that the flowers were not so fine as usual. Besides, we live in town, and we can't go far enough out to get flowers when it is wet.

I wonder if there is any American League member, boy or girl, who would like this summer to change with me twelve American specimens in return for twelve English ones? If any one who reads my letter will do this, please may he or she write either to you or to me and say so, and then we can arrange between ourselves just how we are going to do it.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS, I have no brother or sister or playmate, so I have been very glad to make your acquaintance, and am looking forward to seeing you again next month. Till then, good-by, with love and best wishes. Yours affectionately,

ELSA BAX CARLTON CLARK (age 8).

HELENA, MON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: There is a queer thing about my age and the year Montana was admitted to the Union. I was born August 8, 1880, and Montana was admitted November 8, 1880, so that I am just two months older than the State I live in.

I hope to compete in the next month's work. Wishing you all the success and prosperity you so honorably deserve, I am your faithful friend,

DOROTHY HOWRY.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been reading in the St. NICHOLAS about squirrels, and thought that you might like to hear something about the squirrels of Kankakee, Ill.

Kankakee is a small place, but there are hundreds of squirrels there. The town protects them, and there is a fine of twenty-five dollars for killing squirrels.

They are very tame, and many of them will eat out of your hands. Their nests are very much like large birds' nests, built of twigs and dry leaves.

If you give a nut to a squirrel without taking the shell off he will bury it. On bright sunny days you can see thirteen or fourteen playing on the lawn. They look as if they were playing "I spy" among the branches, and showering the others with twigs.

I had a squirrel once that if you would scratch on a piece of bark he would come right away.

There was once a little squirrel who used to come in the kitchen window to be fed; if it was shut he would scratch on the pane.

I gave a squirrel some roasted peanuts once, but he would not eat them. They will not eat any but raw ones.

MARY MARGARET WORTHINGTON (age 12).



"FROM LIFE." BY RUTH E. CROMBIE, AGE 15.

BALMAIN, SIDNEY, N. S. W., AUSTRALIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read you for such a long time, ever since I could read. I like "The Junior Cup," "Quicksilver Sue," "Pretty Polly Perkins," "The Story of Betty," and "The Boys of Something Ranch" (I can't think of the proper name) best. I have been very interested in the Letter-box, and I thought some of your readers might like to hear a little about me.

A few years ago I lived in Parramatta, in one of the oldest houses in Australia. It was built by convicts, and was over a hundred years old. It was said to be haunted, and there was one gate where none of the servants would go after dark. When having a new post put in, the skeleton of a man, with chains on it, was found under the post.

There was one tree down the front where it was said that the convicts used to be hanged on. But I can't be sure that this is true. There were numbers of other ghosts said to be there, but I can't say whether they are true, either.

There were lots of drives about there, and we were very fond of going to a place called the buttercup field. There were buttercups, wild violets, and ferns growing all about, and everything was so pretty.

I am very interested in your Nature and Science, and the other day I caught a beetle all black, with green stripes on its back and yellow stripes underneath. I have never seen one like that before. Another day I found a nest of spiders' eggs. They were such dear little things! Sometimes of an evening I watch the ants; they are so interesting.

I should like some French girl to write to me in French, and I would write to her in English — she to write to my address.

I remain, dear ST. NICHOLAS, your interested reader,

MARGUERITE G. PELE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been taking you for three years and like you very much.

The other day some one around here set a steel trap and caught an eagle. It was not what we call a very large one, but it measured seven feet from the tip of one wing to the other.

Eagles are very numerous around here. They live on ducks and fish, and have been known to carry off young lambs, so you see the people who have sheep are glad to have eagles killed.

We also have the sea-gull. They lay their eggs in a small hole in the sand. They do not sit on the eggs in the daytime, but only at night.

I would like to correspond with some boy in a city between fourteen and sixteen. My address is

ALBERT READ WESCOTT,
POPLAR BRANCH, N. C.WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY
IN KOREA.

HAIJU, KOREA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have lived in Korea ever since I was born (13 years), and have been a League member three or four years. I won a prize in one of the advertising competitions. In these Eastern countries we find that a great many things have been in use for hundreds of years that we Americans take pride in as the result of Western ingenuity and energy. Korea can boast of having built the first suspension-bridge, used the first movable type, manufactured wood-pulp paper; and all these she had before the United States was born. Two hundred years before the *Monitor* and *Merrimack* were dreamed of Korea had first inroad (the first ever built), and with it destroyed the invading Japanese fleet. Quite a good deal has been said about the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy, yet Korea had her system of wireless telegraphy three hundred years before Marconi's great-grandfather was born. By this system, which centers in Seoul, the farthest boundary is in direct and almost immediate communication with the capital. The stations are a system of beacons scattered over all the country, and the messages are sent by means of fire signals, which vary according to size, number, and kind. I inclose two photographs of a beacon near Haiju. It is the capital of the province of Whanghai Do. Haiju is about a hundred miles from Seoul. It means sea town. It is a walled city. Perhaps in another letter I may send you some photographs of the picturesque walls and gates of this interesting city. Your devoted reader, H. H. UNDERWOOD.

NORTHUMBERLAND, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am writing to you to tell you of a trip that we had to the Canary Islands, as I thought it might interest some of your readers.

It was fairly rough when we started from Liverpool. A little time

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after we got on board a huge wave came crashing through my skylight and soaked everything in the cabin, so I and my sister had to sleep in the ladies' cabin for two or three nights till our own was dry. But altogether we enjoyed the voyage very much.

When we got into port at Santa Cruz (Teneriffe) we did not go on shore, but waited till the next day, when we should be at Las Palmas (Grand Canary), where we were going to land.

When we got there we all went on shore in a little steam-tug which was nearly under water. Then we drove to the Metropole Hotel — where we were going to stay for a fortnight — in a *farfarna* (I think it is spelled that way), which is a rickety little carriage, which tore along the sandy road. We expected every minute to be tossed out, but we arrived safely at our destination. The people are very queer; they are nearly always shouting and screaming at something or other. The men wear white cotton trousers and shirts and very brilliantly colored sashes; usually these are crimson, being dyed with the cochineal insect, which is found in great quantities there. The women wear ordinary blouses and skirts, and over their heads they wear large shawls; but in the country the women tie round their heads brightly colored handkerchiefs.

We had a friend living there, which was very nice, as he knew of all the places roundabout which would be worth seeing, and he also could speak the language — which was Spanish — perfectly.

One day we saw the crater of an extinct volcano. It is supposed to be the most perfect in existence. It was just like a huge basin, and at the bottom there was a little farm. We did not go down, though.

Another time we went to a place called Atalaya, where the people are very wild. They make very pretty pots, of which we bought a lot. All the children came shouting round, asking for pennies.

I remain your interested reader,

JOYCE PYBUS (age 11).

BROOKLINE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I can't tell you how happy I am to be a winner in the League, and what I think of the beautiful badge. How many times I have tried in vain to win the coveted prize! But "practice, patience, and perseverance" always win the race. Even now I am not satisfied. I mean to have the gold badge yet, and I would not mind having a five-dollar bill in my pocket; but this is expecting too much. When I think of the hundreds that are aiming at the same goal it seems pretty hopeless for "poor me."

Your grateful and devoted friend,

ARNOLD W. LAHRE.

ST. PETERSBURG.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little German girl, and live for the time in St. Petersburg, the capital of Russia. I love to read the St. NICHOLAS, which my American grandma sends me. In the winter it is very cold, but in the summer it is sometimes quite hot. In the month of June it hardly ever gets dark. In the winter the ice of the Neva is so thick that one drives and walks over it, and there is even an electric car running across it! The nicest thing in St. Petersburg is the sleighing. The Russian sleighs are very narrow and low. How some of your little girls would laugh to see the fat Russian coachmen! They look as if they had several feather pillows under their coat. I inclose a photograph of the electric car on the ice. Your interested reader,

IRMA VON LÜTTWITZ (age 9).

THE ANECDOTE OF A DOG.

BOSTON, MASS.

In Beverly I have a dog whose name is Rexie. He has been taught to give his paw if he wanted anything. One day he saw a dog with a bone. He gave his paw to the dog who had the bone, as if to say, "Please give me that bone!" Wasn't that funny?

ELEANOR CARROLL BANCROFT.

Other interesting and appreciative letters have been received from Vera Cunningham, Mary Tucker, Josephine W. Pitman, Vera Weilepp, Elisabeth Banks, Florence L. Bain, Alice Dessart, Frances Keeline, Dorothy Fay, Horace B. Earle, E. Kathleen Carrington, Vashu Kaye, Jane G. Bennett, Katharine A. Page, Laura S. Dow, Lucy Bonket, Agnes D. Louie, Evelyn O. Foster, Amy Peabody, T. Sam Parsons, Ruth L. Rowell, George T. Bague, Ruth Rinehart, Charles M. Foulke, Jr., A. H. Kyd, Edna Wise, J. Foster Hickman, Alfred P. Clarke, Gladys Lenore Tilyard, Geo. W. Cronyn, Elsie Schobeger, Christine Graham, Gertrude T. Nichols, Katherine Inez Bennett, Mildred D. Yemawine.



"FROM LIFE." BY DOROTHY OCHTMAN, AGE 11.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been published had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to honorable mention and encouragement.

PROSE 1.

Marion Jacqueline Overton
Enola Ward
William Newton Coupland
Elsa Clark
Dorothy Averill
Marion Lane
Joseph W. McGurk
Helen M. Spear
Katharine Stoddard Williams
Maude Bloom
Mary Elsie Newton
Hilda M. Ryan
Elizabeth McCormick
Willia Nelson
Effie C. Watson
Louis F. May
Allene Gregory
Eleanor Hisey
Mary Yaula Westcott
Virginia Wainwright
Elaine Sterne
Chester T. Swinnerton
Elizabeth R. Eastman
Pauline Sawyer
Frances C. Reed
Mildred Newmann
Frances M. E. Randolph
Katherine T. Halsey
Harriette Irene Baer
Ona Ringwood
Julia Wilmarth Williamson
Mabel Fletcher
Helen Dean Fish
Margaret M. Sammond
Frederick D. Seward
Irma Leone Whepley
George Maclean
J. F. Fieberger
Edith Hunt
Clara Shanafelt
Marion A. Rubicum
Catharine H. Straker
Marie Kurz
Ruth B. Beshgetour

PROSE 2.

John Rice Miner
Bianca Lee Robinson
Priscilla C. Goodwyn, Jr.
Jas. B. Taney
Louise Taylor Preston
Harriette Kyler Pease
Clarence Irving Chatto
Alice Brockway
Emma Bugbee
Ruth F. Londoner
Ellen Dunwoody

Ellen W. Prosser
Ruth McNamee
Olive Benbrook
Lorraine Andrews
Ivy Varian Walshe
Eloise E. Garstin
Helen Greene
Eleanor C. Hamill
Helen R. Schlesinger
Carleton W. Washburne
Elsie Luyties
Marion K. Dillard
Mabel Wheeler
Lola Hall
Paul H. Smith
Dorothy Walker
Margaret Jones
Helen Wilson
Katherine Taylor
Mathilde Parlett
Dorothy Kent
Anna C. Heffern
Alberta Eleanor Alexander
Katharine Post Ferris
Irvin C. Pokey
Mary Anna Yandes Wheeler
Lucy H. Catlett
Esther M. Silsby
Katharine Nora Steintal
Margaret Douglas Gordon
Agnes L. Wood
Lucy Bonker
Emilie A. Ide
Rosamond Ritchie
Ellice C. von Dorn

VERSE 1.

Sara M. Snedeker
Maud Dudley Shackelford
A. Elizabeth Goldberg
Doris Franklyn
Jessica Nelson
Marion M. Berry
Florence L. Bain
Minnie Chase
Katherine Kurz
Isadore Douglas
Wilkie Gilholm
Isabel Blue
Helen Read
Marie J. Haggood
Beulah H. Ridgeway
Kathleen T. Nolan
Gertrude T. Nichols

VERSE 2.

Alice Braunlich
Pauline K. Angell
Loretta Garry

Daisy James
Mary E. Osgood
Irma Castle Hamford
Emily Rose Burt
Frances E. Gardner
Ethel Steinhilber
Elsie F. Weil
Ruth Frost
Esther Leslie Reeve
Lillie Vollrath
Helen L. Scobey
Arvine Kelley
Eleanor Taylor
Elsie May George
Bolling Hall Handy
Robert Gillett
Ruth T. Abbott
Margaret Kephart
Grace E. A. Field
Helen Anthony
Katherine G. Chapin
Helen Strehlan
Mary C. Tucker
Dorothy Chapman
Margaret Merriam Sherwood
Mary Blossom Bloss
Lisbeth Harlan
Mary S. Coolidge
Freddie Warren
Edith Louise Smith
Katharine Hammond
Mary Daniel Gordon
Marguerite Eugenie Stephens
Marguerite Borden
Dorothy McKee
Helen R. Janeway

DRAWINGS 1.

Rita Wood
Jesse Friedley
Arthur Gladstone McCoy
Ruth Adams
Florence Murdoch
Frances Ada Mitchell
Anna B. Carolan
Miriam A. De Foré
Thomas Porter Miller
Nancy Barnhart
G. Everett Williamson
Hilda Kohr
Katharine Schweinfurth
Kathrine Forbes Liddell
Courtland Ninde Smith
Dorothy Leeb
Wm. O'Donnell
Phoebe Wilkinson
Raymond G. Murphy
Saidee E. Kennedy

H. H. Cassidy
Joseph B. Mazzano
Helen Cronyn
Margery Fulton
Elizabeth Chapin
Russell S. Walcott
Ella E. Preston
Mary Hazeltine Fewsmith
Margaret Peckham
Elinor Hosie
Ruth Flower Stafford
Bessie B. Styron
Marjorie Newcomb Wilson
Margaret Lantz Daniell
Vieva Marie Fisher
Margaret McKeon
Maurice T. Martin
Nancy Huntly
Shirley Willis

DRAWINGS 2.

Margaret Dobson
Charlotte Ball
Helen M. Lawrence
Georgina Wood
Emilie C. Flagg
Mary W. Woodman
Evelyn O. Foster
Jeanette Stern
Jean Herbert
Ethel Land
Katharine Beaumont Allison

Philip Little
Hester Martha Conklin
Edna Pearl Penn
Helen E. Jacoby
Alice Esther Treat
Anna Howell
Mary L. Crosby
Alice Hartich
Dorothea Clapp
Mel C. Levey
Charlotte Morton
Aimee Vervallen
Elsa Falk
Edna Youngs
Harry Smith
Raymond S. Frost
John L. Binda
Pauline Croll
Florence Mason
Clarice E. Smith
Enid Elizabeth Gunn
Dorothy Adams
I. Bouve Souther
Dorothea M. Dexter
Walter V. Johnson
Elizabeth Pardee
John George Wood
Margaret C. C. Brooks
Harold Gunther Breul
Jack J. Hinman, Jr.
Edith Plonsky
Clark Souers
Dorothy F. Howry
Gertrude Elizabeth Allen
Sumner F. Larchar
Leila Tucker
W. A. Anderson
Elizabeth Robinson
Marie Atkinson
Joseph Chariat
Anna E. Foster
Amy L. Moore
Jack Morse
Charlotte Waugh
Charlotte Pennington
Katie Nina Miller
Florence Gardiner
Mildred Glover
Julia Coolidge
Sophia T. Cole
Margaret Ellen Payne
Margaret Shayne
Dorothy Mulford Riggs
Patience Barron
Elizabeth B. Simpson
Isabel Howell
Eugene V. Connott
Mildred Willard

Majel Buckstaff
Howard R. Patch
Thomas Ware Maires
Phebe Ropes
Edna Stevens
Henry Emerson Tuttle
Louise Miller
Mary E. Cromer
Catherine D. Shepherd
Mary Ross
Ethel Messervy
Louise Gleason
Margery Bradshaw
Hilda Bronson
John Sinclair
J. E. Fisher, Jr.
Calvin Hooker Goddard
Bessie Brown
Arthur Graham Carey
Margaret King
Katharine Dulcebella Barbour

Robert Gannett
Elsa Hempe
Stanto Aroy
William Hazlett Upson
Katharine Thompson
Eleanor Wilson
Ellen Winters
Henric Wickenden
Donald McNamee
Elizabeth W. Henry
Henry I. Fitz
Paul Mayo McNamee
Joseph B. Cumming, Jr.
M. K. Beltzhoover
Frances Shippen
Winifred Wood
Russell L. Bruch
Katharine Avery Leeming
Elsa Rochester Farnham

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Dean M. Kennedy
Henry Ormsby Phillips
Angelica Munford
Robert Scarborough Eskine
Janet Lance
Constance Freeman
Carl Dusenbury Matz
Frank J. Trelease
Julius Golde
Clarence L. Hawthaw
Howard John Hill
Woodruff W. Halsey
Marion L. Howarth
John S. Perry
Hugh Wells Hubbard
Grover T. Corning
George Schobinger
Edith Prindlewin
Walter P. Schuck
Farrell S. Durment
Muriel Foster
Mildred R. Betts
Florence R. T. Smith
Ethel Derby
Gertrude Winans
Alice L. Cousens
Elizabeth Walbridge
Mabel W. Whiteley
Dorothy Williams
Anita Tinges
Philip H. Bunker
Ruth Anthony
Jeanette B. Fuqua

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Fred A. Messervy
Florence L. Kenway
Elizabeth B. Milliken
W. W. Swayne
Thad R. Goldsberry
George T. Bogue
William Laird Brown
Elizabeth H. Briggs
Miriam Russell
Marjorie Taylor
Elizabeth Morrison

Walter I. Barton
Edith Wesley
Lawrence Sheridan
John P. Phillips
Edward McKee Very
William Keller
Abbott L. Norris
Lawrence T. Hemmenway
Levant M. Hall
Janette Bishop
Nora Brainard
Gertrude W. Smith
Amy Eliot Mayo
Leila Houghteling
Marguerite G. de Neuf
Roderick Classen
T. Sam Parsons
Ruth M. Turner
Alice Tattersall
Frederick Doyle
J. Stuart Jefferies
George E. Goldthwaite
Marguerite T. Rose
Angela Hubbard
Aloise M. Gebhardt
Donald Ford
Ruth Perkins Vickery
Marie Russell
Wellesley Armatage
Beverly Lambe
Joe R. Shriver
Amy M. Walker
Arthur K. Hulme
Eleanor Park
Katharine L. Marvin
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Robert Gummey
Cynthia J. Stevens
Marjorie Freeth
Josephine S. Raymond
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Mildred Barbara Scholle
Amy Peabody
Gertrude H. Henry
Phyllis M. Critcherson
Marjorie Mullins
H. Marguerite Wickham
Edith M. Deacon
Mary I. Fletcher
Elizabeth Bryant
Elizabeth G. Olyphant
Gertrude V. Trumplett
Kenneth W. Payne
Rosalie Day
Edith Fish
Randolph Payne
J. Faxon Passmore
Dorothy Gray Brooks
W. Caldwell Webb
John Campbell Townsends
Harold M. Hirsch
Thorndike Saville
Carolyn C. Bailey
Chalmers Hall
Henry Reginald Carey
Harvey Deschere
Char. Jernegan, Jr.

Roberta Haslett
Jane B. Wheeler
Harry H. Dunn
Harrison Fuller
Ignacio Bauer

PUZZLES 1.

Gertrude Louise Cannon
Bonnie Angell
E. Adelaide Hahn
Olive A. Brush
Margaret Stevens

Ella L. Baer
Margaret W. Mandell
Louise Fitz
Elisabeth L. Whittemore
Eleanor Marvin
Ferdinand W. Hassis
Dorothy G. Thayer
Vera A. Fueslein
Raymond Stringfield
Walter J. Schloss
Elmore McKee
Mary Clarke



"FROM LIFE." BY LETTY S. McDONALD, AGE 14.

Robert Cox
Marjorie Holmes
Dorothy Knight
Lillian Jackson
Joseph Wells
Dorothy Carr
Clarence A. Southerland
Alastair Hope Kyd

PUZZLES 2.

Bertha V. Emmerson
M. Enid Hatley

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 49.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers.

A Special Cash Prize. To any League member who has won a gold badge for any of the above-named achievements, and shall again win first place, a cash prize of five dollars will be awarded, instead of another gold badge.

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"TAILPIECE." BY MARION MYERS, AGE 9.

Competition No. 49 will close **October 20** (for foreign members **October 25**). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in **ST. NICHOLAS** for **January**.

Verses. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author. Title to contain the words "Trees" and "Winter."

Prose. Article or story of not more than four hundred words. Title, "The Story of a Word," being the history of the origin, use, and evolution of any word the author may select.

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted, but no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Action."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Two subjects, one illustration for "Boxer and the Goslings," published in this issue, and "A Heading for January."

Puzzles. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full.

Puzzle-answer. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of **ST. NICHOLAS**.

Wild-animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage

the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

EVERY contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added.

These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address all communications:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square,
New York.

BOOKS AND READING.

THE COMPETITORS. IN order that you may have your attention free for other matters, we will begin by telling you the names of the prize-winners in the July race—writing a description of an act of kindness, courtesy, or bravery. Here are the three successful competitors:

EMMA BUGBEE (15), Methuen, Mass.

DOROTHY PLACE (10), Westwood, Mass.

CONSTANCE H. IRVINE (11), Minneapolis, Minn.

The judges also demanded that especial honorable mention should distinguish three more:

MABEL FLETCHER (16), Decatur, Ill.

FERN L. PATTEN (16), Richmond, Kan.

HAZEL D. PEEKE (17), Chicago, Ill.

We print the little story which all the judges decided to be the best received—though there was some disappointment expressed that the story came to no conclusion. Of course we all believe that the wandering father was able to conduct the castaways to their home, but we should like to know how he got over that big boulder. Won't the author let us know?

A LITTLE COMFORTER.

BY EMMA BUGBEE.

Yes, they were lost! They had started off so gaily, and had such a happy time on the summit! and now, tired, hungry, frightened, with clothes torn, faces and hands scratched and bleeding, they came to a pause in the wilds of Monadnock.

This was the reason. The father, who was fairly familiar with the mountain, had proposed "cutting 'cross lots." But they had walked and walked without a sign of the path. Over stones and through underbrush they had stumbled until the little one cried with weariness. Then papa picked him up, and on they went. They all were tired and nervous. Papa amused them with stories and called their attention to the birds and flowers. But the grown-up daughter noticed the ever-increasing anxiety which he tried to hide from the children, and she, in her turn, helped him by being cheery and hopeful.

No one mentioned such a thing as being actually lost. On they went. At last they came to a little mountain

brook. The father saw it with joy, for he knew that it must lead them to familiar spots at the foot of the mountain. They followed the stream with renewed hope but greater difficulties, for the bed was rocky and slippery. But when they saw looming up before them a huge boulder, seemingly impassable, the father halted in despair. All the party felt his hopelessness. The little one struggled with his tears, for he was so tired. Then he remembered that he was "mama's little man" and must comfort papa. He slipped his little hand into the big brown one, and looking smilingly into his father's anxious face, said:

"Are n't we having a good time, papa?"

THE GREAT OCEAN.

THE surface of the earth is, as your geographies have been careful to inform you, more than two thirds water, and consequently the larger part of the globe is that which is known best to sailors. And yet, of all the items that have been published in this department, not one has been especially devoted to the books that treat of life on the ocean wave and homes on the rolling deep. It is time we remedied this omission.

Let us, therefore, this month make books relating to the ocean or to sea life the subject of our next prize competition, but giving the subject a new heading, so that little Henry Reads-toofast and little Mary Skimmer may not in their great haste overlook the competition, and thus deprive us of what light they are able to shed upon the subject.

THE PRIZE COMPETITION.

THREE prizes of subscriptions to ST. NICHOLAS, or an equivalent value in books published by The Century Co., will be given to the readers under eighteen years of age who will send us the best list of books on subjects relating to the sea and sea life. The object is to collect the names of good books for young people who love to read about the ocean and its wonders, of sailors, ships, adventure at sea, and information about the sea—both story-books and books of information that young people would like to read. You may obtain all the help you can from your elders, for the object of the competition is to secure a good list—not necessarily

a long one. Twenty or thirty good volumes are better than fifty or a hundred worse chosen. Send your lists to the Books and Reading department before September 25, 1903.

ADVICE DESIRED.

Two young correspondents have written asking that lists of books be recommended for girl readers. One is sixteen years of age, and asks "what books a girl of sixteen should read, and should have read?" The other has been disturbed by reading the paragraph, in this department for August, entitled "Wait-a-bit." It will be remembered that Thackeray's "Esmond" was there said to be too old for young people's reading. This correspondent also desires to know whether Dickens is too old for her. She is thirteen.

This is a case where a young girl should find her best advice from those who know her most intimately. You all must have learned that there is much to be considered besides years in estimating "age." The question of home associations, of friends and surroundings, generally must be thought of in deciding when a young reader is mature enough for any especial book or author.

Indeed, a bright young girl of good judgment should be able to decide for herself whether she is properly choosing her reading. She will know whether a book is doing her harm or good, and then, if she is sensible, she will protect herself from it or reap all possible benefit from its pages.

As for book lists, there have been published in this department the names of more good books than are needed to supply any of you with reading through your teens. It seems a waste to give up space to repetition of these names.

Librarians, if properly approached, will gladly recommend good books. They have made it their life-work to know, and are willing to share the knowledge.

The same correspondent adds, "Don't forget poetry." But all the generally popular American poets—Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Emerson—may be read with profit and pleasure. Their books are gardens free of noxious weeds, wherein you may wander as your taste may direct.

As to prose, we repeat the counsel, "Go to those elders who know you best."

THE NATURE BOOKS.

It is to be hoped that during your vacations you have made acquaintance with some of the new books that are guides to the great mysterious world upon which we all are traveling through space. Nowadays there is no excuse for not knowing something about the animals and plants, for the knowledge is put up in so attractive a shape that it may be taken like bonbons from a box, instead of being hammered out of the hard rock of scientific lingo that so long withheld it from the less learned. But, as has been hinted before in these pages, do not make all nature your province. Select the one subject which most interests you, and keep to that—if it is only the shape of leaves or the habits of ants or the plumage of birds.

WHAT IS A "CLASSIC"?

If some young readers were to define a "classic" according to their honest impressions, they would say that "classic" was another word for "stupid." Let us ask a really good authority to tell us what the term means. Under the word in the Century Dictionary, Lowell is quoted thus: "A *classic* is properly a book which maintains itself by virtue of that happy coalescence of matter and style, that innate and requisite sympathy between the thought that gives life and the form that consents to every mood of grace and dignity, . . . and which is something neither ancient nor modern, always new and incapable of growing old."

This sounds like high praise, and Lowell was no stupid, dry-as-dust old professor, but one of the jolliest, funniest, brightest, and noblest of critics, poets, and essayists. *He* would n't like stupid books. Let us see whether we cannot put his definition into words the younger readers will understand better than the ones Lowell used for older ears. Let us say, following him, that "a classic is a book that lives because it says rightly what is worth saying, and is grave or gay as fits its purpose, living on because readers continue to love it." Or, to put the matter more shortly, "a classic is a book that is too good to die." Remembering this, when you hear a book called "classic" by a capable critic, it should be a work worth examination at least.

THE LETTER-BOX.

MARION, N. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eleven years old, and I have lived in North Carolina for over six years. I am a Northern little girl, but I have two very nice Southern friends. I go to school, and am in the sixth grade.

I have taken you ever since Christmas, and like you very much. I like "King Arthur and his Knights," the best of the stories. We have a horse named "Mary Ann," and I ride her, and I sometimes drive.

I love to read the Letter-box, and as most of the members tell about their pets, I will tell about mine. I have a black-and-white cat named "Spot," and a squirrel that has been with us for over a year, and he bites strangers sometimes, but has never bitten me.

Your interested reader,
RUTH MACNAUGHTON.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first time I have ever written to you.

I think I will tell you a true story now about Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow, two little birds who lived in a nest under the eaves of our house.

One morning a very sad accident happened to Mrs. Sparrow. She was ready to fly away from the nest, when her foot caught in some of the straws, and there she hung, so high that we could not reach her.

She hung there and soon died. Poor Mrs. Sparrow! What would Mr. Sparrow do without a wife?

Then all the birds came from the trees, fluttering and making such a twittering noise all around the window where we were watching. The next morning, very early, the birds met again to talk of some way to get Mrs. Sparrow down from the nest.

One of the birds must have told all the other birds a plan, for they began to tear down the nest, and before we were up Mrs. Sparrow and the nest were down in the vines on the porch.

Then Mr. Sparrow chose a new wife, and built a new nest in the same place; and there we can see them both, Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow No. 2, living happily together.

Your little reader,

MARION WHITE ROWLAND (age 8).

HAMBURG, OKLA.

DEAR OLD FRIEND ST. NICHOLAS: Several years ago I wrote to you, but my letter was not published, so I thought I would try once again, and also send you a picture to illustrate it.

We are living on the side of a big, red, stony hill, a few hundred yards from the Washita River, in a red stone house, with double window in the south for flowers, and flower-beds on the south and west.

We lived for several years in the valley, in a nice, shady elm grove; but the river overflowed and scared us out, so we had to climb the hill.

We used to have two pet deer, "Joe" and "Major." Joe was a big, quiet fellow, a great friend of the dogs with whom he would drink milk out of a pan, "Dot," the cat, helping them. A happy family indeed!



"COW-BOY." DRAWN BY AUGUSTA I. CORSON.

Both of the deer were caught when they were little spotted fawns. I was fortunate enough to get Major with the help of my pet pony, "Jane."

They became very tame, but would occasionally wander several miles away, and so they were both killed, although they wore red collars and bells.

The country has filled up so much with settlers that there is not a deer to be seen now.

When the country was wild there were great herds of cattle on the ranges, and cow-boys were a common sight, with an occasional one who could roll a cigarette while seated on a bucking bronco.

My drawing, which accompanies this, represents such a one. I draw nearly all Western life and scenes.

Yours truly,

AUGUSTA I. CORSON.

COOPERSTOWN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the winter, as a rule, I go to Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada, which is quite an old city.

There is a little negro village out of Halifax, and the negroes come into the city every Saturday. They always drive an ox, and they drive in a rude wooden cart which they make themselves out of trees. The negro who was driving an ox one day by our house stopped to sell some sticks to a person who lived next door to us. As he was unloading his sticks I thought I would take a picture of the ox with my Brownie camera. The negro insisted that I should make him pay for taking his picture, and as I would not do this he refused to be taken. I remain, your devoted League member,

MARY GRAHAM BONNER (age 13).



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

DIAGONAL. U. S. Grant. Cross-words: 1. Upright. 2. Aspired. 3. Logical. 4. Sparrow. 5. Lockage. 6. Adamant. 7. Servant.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Mary. 2. Area. 3. Rear. 4. Yarn.

SOME OLD-FASHIONED LETTERS. 1. Ruffian, Russian. 2. Fix, six. 3. Fail, sail. 4. Found, sound. 5. Fame, same. 6. Fit, sit. 7. Fat, sat. 8. Fawn, sawn. 9. Foul, soul. 10. Fun, sun. 11. Feat, seat. 12. Fleet, sleet. 13. Fight, sight. 14. Flash, slash. 15. Feed, seed. 16. Fly, sly. 17. Fee, see.

NOVEL ZIGZAG. From 1 to 6, Robert; from 7 to 13, Burns. Cross-words: 1. Rest. 2. Corn. 3. Barn. 4. Peru. 5. Robe. 6. Stop.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, John; finals, Penn. Cross-words: 1. Jump. 2. Once. 3. Horn. 4. Noon.

DIAMOND. 1. S. 2. She. 3. Stems. 4. Sherman. 5. Emmet. 6. Sal. 7. N.

ILLUSTRATED ZIGZAG. Sir Edwin Landseer. Cross-words: 1.

Stud. 2. Dirk. 3. Cart. 4. Cone. 5. Pods. 6. Ewer. 7. Inch. 8. Eads. 9. Bolt. 10. Flea. 11. Fans. 12. Ides. 13. Spar. 14. Tear. 15. Reed. 16. Boar.

ZIGZAG. Hurrah for vacation. Cross-words: 1. Hoist. 2. Ruddy. 3. Cargo. 4. Ivory. 5. Maria. 6. Sight. 7. Muffs. 8. Hover. 9. Rebel. 10. Avert. 11. Beast. 12. Larch. 13. Arena. 14. Forty. 15. Olive. 16. Dogma. 17. Night.

OCTAGON. Upper Octagon, Dumfries; lower octagon, Landshaw. Cross-words: 1. Rumbled. 2. Deified. 3. Scarify. 4. Reining. 5. Brigand. 6. Mallard. 7. Prowess. 8. Hurrahs.

DIAGONAL. September. Cross-words: 1. Secretary. 2. Centerbit. 3. Applicant. 4. Doctrinal. 5. Extremely. 6. Facsimile. 7. Plausible. 8. Submerged. 9. Protector.

CONNECTED WORD-BLOCKS. From 1 to 2, Longfellow; from 3 to 4, Paul Revere. I. 1. Pail. 2. Echo. 3. Plan. 4. Brag. II. 1. Pale. 2. Alms. 3. Ugly. 4. Lean. III. 1. Agile. 2. Afire. 3. Level. 4. Olive. IV. 1. Wool. 2. Full. 3. Also. 4. Plow. V. 1. Vest. 2. Easy. 3. Rude. 4. East.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 15th, from Joe Carlanda—Sara Lawrence Kellogg—M. McG.—Marjorie Anderson—Bessie Garrison—Christine Graham—Alice T. Huyler—The Spencers—Frances Hunter—Florence Steel—"Chuck"—Laura E. Jones—Adeline C. Thomas—Lillian Jackson—Olga Lee—Alli and Adi—"Johnny Bear"—Elliot Quincy Adams—Rosalie Aylett Sampson—Elsie Turner—Lilian Sarah Burt—Marion E. Senn—George T. Colman—Rachel Rhoades—Jessie K. Angell—Harold M. Sawyer—Olive R. T. Griffin—Betty Brainerd—Wilmot S. Close.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 15th, from L. F. Lacy, 1—D. Nevin, 1—R. Wisner, 1—H. Tripp, 1—S. Lamprecht, 1—E. B. Beatty, 1—E. Brule, 1—R. Turner, 1—K. Clark, 1—R. C. Case, 1—Alma Risch, 1—C. V. Perkins, 1—M. R. Woodard, 1—G. Post, 1—H. Kingsley, 1—P. Carter, 1—Irene Beir, 1—T. Vinal, 1—Alice W. Brockert, 2—S. Lawrence Levensgood, 2—A. W. Coldham, 1—J. B. Marr, 1—D. Hungerford, 1—Malcolm Bogue, 9—Elizabeth Pilling, 2—Dorothea M. Dexter, 7—Gertrude Coit, 2—Catherine H. Steel, 7—D. Stewart, 1—L. M. Bullitt, Jr., 1—Zelma E. Hamlin, 2—Katherine L. Hamlin, 2—M. Chapin, 1—Eleanor Underwood, 9—Nettie Barnwell, 5—M. A. Hovey, 1—R. L. Moss, 1—L. Williams, 1—Emilie and Anna, 4—Edward Bentley, 3—Madge Oakley, 7—Ruth Bartlett, 9—Helen Jelliffe, 9—J. Elliott, 1—E. Dreher, 1—Margaret C. Wilby, 8—Sidney F. Kimball, 9—Ruth MacNaughton, 6—Jean S. Davis, 4—Irma J. Gehres, 6—C. H. Smith, 1—Nathalie and Marian Swift, 8—A. L. Arnold, 1—Laurence T. Nutting, 9—Deane F. Ruggles, 9—C. Knight, 1—W. G. Rice, Jr., 3—Margaret Sagendorph, 8—W. T. Slover, 1—Rufus S. Frost, 1.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. SECURE. 2. Tart. 3. To march in a line. 4. Paradise. HELEN L. JELLIFFE (League Member).

GEOGRAPHICAL CUBE.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition).

	1	...	2
5			6
		3	4
7			8

FROM 1 TO 2, an important city of Ireland; from 1 to 3, a region along the northern coast of Africa; from 2 to 4, a seaport on the northern coast of Africa; from 3 to 4, a river of Siberia; from 5 to 6, one of the United States; from 5 to 7, the name of the yacht which won the cup in 1851; from 6 to 8, a town and county in Vermont; from 7 to 8, the name of some islands in the Bay of Bengal;

from 1 to 5, one half of the name of a small island off the coast of Norway, a little farther north than the city of Bergen; from 2 to 6, the name of a lake and volcano in Sumatra; from 4 to 8, a county in Wisconsin; from 3 to 7, a county in Arizona.

LEONARD BARRETT.

INSERTIONS.

EXAMPLE: Insert a letter between a notch and a cord, and make a variety of German silver. Answer: Nickeline.

1. Insert a letter between a pronoun and the price of passage, and make happiness. 2. Insert a letter between want and a division of a week, and make an exclamation of despair. 3. Insert a letter between a small carriage and era, and make a vegetable. 4. Insert a letter between a tavern and a coin, and make free from guilt. 5. Insert a letter between a name for a parent and a machine invented by Eli Whitney, and make an edge. 6. Insert a letter between an article and something used in the laundry, and make a fire-dog. 7. Insert a letter between a support and a means of entrance, and make to disseminate. Insert a letter between a feminine nickname and a suffix meaning "like," and make infantile.

The inserted letters will spell an annual holiday.

MARJORIE HOLMES (League Member).

TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ALL the words described are of equal length. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initials will spell the name of a Roman orator, the middle letters the name of a Roman poet, and the final letters the name of a Roman soldier.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Relating to a city. 2. The smallest of the Balearic Islands. 3. An enchantress slain by Ulysses. 4. Borders. 5. A Spanish word for destruction. 6. One who conveys contraband goods.

MARJORIE FAY.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.



WHEN the nine objects in the above illustration have been rightly guessed and the names placed one below another in the order given, the initial letters will spell the name of an old-time celebration. Designed by

ROGER K. LANE.

CONCEALED WORDS.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

EXAMPLE: Is drab a gray color? To the concealed word in this sentence add R, transpose the letters, and make to snatch. Answer, bag-r, grab.

1. The next event will be a spelling-match at the district school. Add C, and make to seize.
2. Bayard Raymond lives three doors from my house. Add H, and make a many-headed monster.
3. Carlo returned for some more lunch. Add N, and make to register.
4. "Was Henry going?" they asked. Add L, and make a covering for the shoulders.
5. I said to Sambo, "Others will need you." Add A, and make to forbid.
6. All the questions but one we answered correctly. Add V, and make a kind of small turnip.

7. Clarissa kept her medal in a purple case. Add U, and make a Russian edict.

8. Yellow fever is a common disease at many tropical ports. Add E, and make to torment.

9. Wilbur entered at that moment. Add S, and make austere.

When the nine new words have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the primals and finals will each name something good which comes in October.

H. A. BUNKER, JR.

INTERLACING ZIGZAG.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

1	11
2	12
13	3
14	4
15	5
16	6
17	7
18	8
19	9
20	10

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A narrow passage. 2. To desert one party or leader for another. 3. The last movement of a symphony. 4. Viewing with bold side glances. 5. Withering. 6. Consequence. 7. Affected with ill humor. 8. One who rails. 9. An instrument for holding a ship in one place. 10. To shun.

From 1 to 10, a feminine name; from 11 to 20, a famous American.

THURSTON BROWN.

CONCEALED WORDS.

IN each of the following sentences one word is concealed. When read in order they will form a well known line.

1. "No thir," said the president, with a youthful lisp; "no, thir, tyranth mutht not be allowed to rule uth."
2. If it rains on Saturday, Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, I shall carry my new umbrella, but I will not wet it on Wednesday, Thursday, or Friday.
3. "Ho! ho! ho!" the boys shouted. "Ha! ha! ha!" the girls laughed; and, indeed, the old horse with a trimmed straw hat was a funny sight.
4. The devout sister always sat in the transept ember-days, which are fast-days, and in the nave on feast-days.

ANNA M. PRATT.

DIAMOND.

1. IN Saturday.
2. A small piece of anything.
3. A large and powerful wild animal found in southern Asia.
4. A beverage.
5. IN Saturday.

A. WEINBERG (League Member).

CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

ONE word is concealed in each sentence. When these have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the central letters will spell the name of an annual holiday.

1. He left me long ago.
2. Eva delayed on the way.
3. Is Harriet able to do it?
4. Was Flo at the party?
5. The jolly old tar rowed quickly.
6. It was always cool and shady in the arcade, though the sun might be very hot outside.
7. Did you read the long saga in the quaint old book about the Norsemen?
9. Have you lived in Troy always?

E. ADELAIDE HAHN (League Member).

